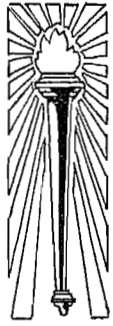
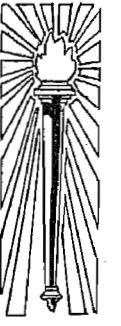


WILLIAM BOOTH, Founder

General, BRAMWELL BOOTH



WAR CRY



CHRIST FOR THE WORLD

OFFICIAL GAZETTE OF THE SALVATION ARMY IN CANADA EAST NEWFOUNDLAND AND BERMUDA

INTERNATIONAL HEADQUARTERS:
101 QUEEN VICTORIA ST.
LONDON.E.C.

TERRITORIAL HEADQUARTERS:
JAMES AND ALBERT STS.
TORONTO.

SPECIAL CONGRESS ISSUE



THIS YEAR'S CONGRESS LEADER
COMMISSIONER HENRY MAPP,
International Secretary for the
Dominions and U.S.A.



THE GENERAL IN THE FAR EAST

First Message received from our Special Correspondent

[By Cable]

Tokyo has prepared great welcome for General, who arrived here Monday, October 11th. Predict greater crowds and interest than was recorded in connection Founder's visit nineteen years ago. Japan now understands more of Army's meaning and purpose. Newspapers of all opinions record lengthy anticipations of General's campaign, offering cordial welcome to Leader of people who have done so much for the social and spiritual amelioration of the populace. Crown Prince, in official capacity as Prince Regent, will give Imperial audience, and poorest slum dweller feels an interest in visit. Thousands of people are expected to attend every function. Leading men of all classes are anxious to see and hear the General, and Salvationists can scarcely await the beginning of Campaign, so anxious are they to see him.

ALFRED GILLIARD, Captain.



The Family Circle

To assist in the promotion of Christian fellowship at the evening family circle, we suggest the use of the Bible portions and comments here given.

Any converted member of the family should audibly read the portions after the meal is finished and before the members disperse for the pursuits of the evening.

Sunday, Oct. 24th—John 18: 28-40.

They were most careful to keep to the strict letter of the Law, though they were far from its spirit. And in God's sight they were hypocrites, the worst kind of sinners. They forgot that God had said: "I will have mercy and not sacrifice." Let us not make the same mistake, and content ourselves with outward obedience, whilst our hearts are full of bitterness and sin.

Monday, Oct. 25th—John 19: 1-16.

Had Pilate only possessed the courage of his convictions he would have freed the Saviour at once. But Pilate had behaved so unjustly in the past that now he dared not offend the Jewish leaders. So, though he wished to do right in the Lord's case, his own misdeeds hindered him. "Our deeds still travel with us from afar, and what we have been makes us what we are."

Tuesday, Oct. 26th—John 19: 17-27.

Someone has said, "All that Christ asked of mankind wherewith to save them was a cross whereon to die." "With all His sufferings full in view and woes to us unknown, Forth to the task His spirit flew; 'Twas love that urged Him on."

Shun not suffering, shame or loss, Learn of Him to bear the cross."

Wednesday, Oct. 27th—John 19: 28-42.

Is this a true description of you? Have you loved the Lord for some time, but been afraid to own Him in your home or the place where you work? Face the matter out and ask Him to give you courage and boldness to witness for Him from to-day. Thursday, Oct. 28th—John 20: 1-18. "Mary!"

As she heard her name repeated in the tender tone of that well-known voice, Mary recognized the risen Lord.

We stand amid the mists like Thee! The close at hand we cannot see; Not knowing what they bring, we greet

Each day and every soul we meet; But what seems sorrow's darkest hour

May bring us faith's reward, And when we say, "The gardener," Behold, it is the Lord!"

Friday, Oct. 29th—John 20: 19-31.

Thank God for His wonderful peace! The world can neither understand nor remove it. The disciples



were full of fear and anxiety, but at the time of their greatest need the Saviour came to them with peace. In the midst of your cares and difficulties to-day you too may have this peace—"the peace of God which passeth all understanding."

Saturday, Oct. 30th—John 21: 1-14.

They were hungry and needed food after their hard night's work. The Saviour did not speak of spiritual things then, but first satisfied their physical need. He gave them food with His own hands. We can often reach people's hearts by kindness.

Congress Greetings FROM LIEUT.-COMMISSIONER RICH

The Chief Secretary, Mrs. Miller, and the Territorial Headquarters Staff, join Mrs. Rich and myself in sending affectionate greetings to Mrs. Sowton and yourself. We pray that this may be the best Congress you have yet had, and that the Power of God may be upon you. May there be such fires of spiritual fervor lighted in Toronto that will sweep throughout your Territory and reach us here. We pray that God will uphold the Leader of the Congress, Commissioner Mapp. The West greets the East in loyal affection, and does not forget its first Leaders.

CHARLES RICH.

A WARMLY RECEIVED CONGRESS MESSAGE from COMMANDER EVANGELINE BOOTH

Your Congress awakens treasured memories, originating in fellowship as sweet and as abiding as any enjoyed by a Leader anywhere. The lapse of years has in no sense dimmed the glory of those heroic days when we were permitted to fight side by side under the dear Flag that has since been lifted to heights then undreamed of. Your constancy and triumphs have gladdened my heart many times. And now your spirit will be enriched by the presence of Commissioner Mapp, who comes to give you a message entrusted to him by our Heavenly Father. The tocsin rings and you must spring to the Call! To hold the ground already gained, eternal vigilance is needed, but our best defense is always in aggression—so March On! Veterans can rejoice because there is no release in this War, and the Young can emulate the example of our peerless Captain, whose Call ever carries with it a sufficiency of grace and power. I salute your worthy Leaders, and pray God to use them mightily. By the hand of love stretched out to us from the Cross we unite in bonds of inseparable fellowship. Oh, may we all come Home at last without stumbling.

Your unchanged, one-time Leader,
EVANGELINE BOOTH.

NOW FOR THE EAST! EASTERN CONGRESS, HALIFAX

Saturday, Oct. 23rd to Tuesday, Oct. 26th

COMMISSIONER SOWTON

and

COMMISSIONER HODDER

Assisted by

COLONEL HENRY

(The Chief Secretary)

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 23rd

HALIFAX I—United Soldiers' Meeting.

SUNDAY, OCTOBER 24th at 11 a.m.

HALIFAX I—Commissioner Hodder, Major Ritchie and Officers of Halifax Division.

HALIFAX II—Commissioner Sowton, Colonel Adby, Major Knight and Officers of Saint John Division.

DARTMOUTH—Colonel Henry, Staff-Captain Spooner, Staff-Captain Owen and Officers of Sydney Division.

HALIFAX (Majestic Theatre) - - - 3 and 7 p.m.

3 p.m. Commissioner Sowton will lecture. Subject, "The Progress of The Salvation Army."

(The Hon. Edgar Rhodes, Premier of Nova Scotia, will Preside)

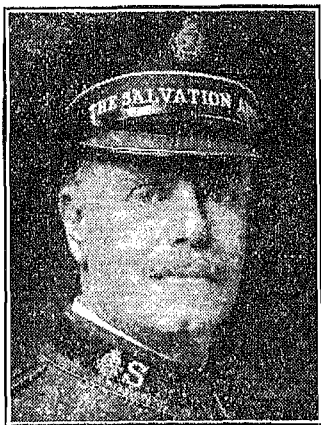
7 p.m. Salvation Meeting.

RANDOM OBSERVATIONS

concerning our FORTY-FOURTH CONGRESS

THE SALVATION ARMY FLAG

was unfurled in CANADA in 1882; to-day it flies proudly in 832 "Centres"



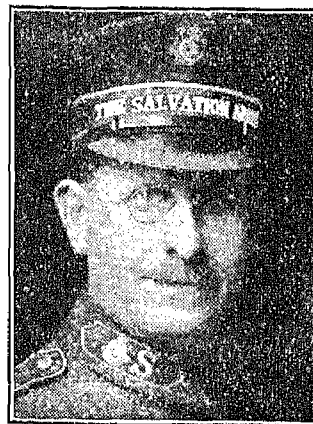
COMMISSIONER AND
MRS. SOWTON,
Our Territorial Leaders



To God be all
the Glory!



LIEUT.-COLONEL
LEVI TAYLOR,
The Field Secretary



COLONEL HENRY, the
Chief Secretary, and
MRS. HENRY

DURING the public gatherings, two hundred and four seekers were registered in Prayer meetings which throbbed with power.

Seven hundred Officers were present.

It was the twelfth Congress gathering held in Canada East since the division of the Canadian Command was decided upon by the General.

At a conservative estimate, 30,000 people attended the public indoor gatherings.

Simpson Brothers, photographers in Toronto, showed a Salvation Army window during Congress week.

It was Commissioner Mapp's eighth participation in a Congress in Toronto.

Commandant Samuel Blackburn, who has discovered the secret of perennial youth, celebrated his seventy-first birthday on Congress eve, and was the recipient of numerous felicitations.

The Congress commanded a fine Press.

Captains Cooper and Harris marched with Congress delegates to the City Hall on Saturday afternoon, and six hours later were in the train speeding to Vancouver, from which point they have, ere this, embarked for the Far East, Korea being their destination.

During his lecture, Commissioner Mapp stated that he had visited forty out of the eighty-two countries and colonies in which The Army Flag now flies.

The majority of the Cadets were getting their first taste of Congress gatherings at the centre.

The witch-doctor in Friday's Pageant was Assistant Scout-Leader Green of Lisgar Street.

Rarely, if ever, have we had in Toronto a native representative from a Missionary country with such a fluent command of the English language as has Ensign Manickavasager.

The Congress Leader is one of the most widely-traveled men in The Army.

A report of the Congress was on the air on Sunday night for the benefit of our contemporaries of London and the various Territories on this Continent. A Salvationist marconi operator on the Atlantic would have had a fine chance to "listen in." Surely no more glorious news was on the air that night than this recording of the Congress soul-victories.

Judging by his speech, Rev. Dr. W. H. Sedgewick would make a great Salvationist.

Commissioner Mapp made no bones about our attitude towards liquor. "We don't keep it (in case of emergency!) in our cupboards," he said.

If our Army duplicates, in another decade, the strides made in the last ten years, we predict that even the Arena will become too small for us.

The wives of two men who are incarcerated in prisons were among the seekers.

It was good to see Colonel and Mrs. Powley on the platform again, and to hear the Colonel's voice.

Did Staff-Captain Spooner sleep well on Friday night? We guess so! At any rate, a neighbor heard him playing on his concertina on Saturday, "Oh, the peace my Saviour gives!"

A Leading article in "The Globe" TORONTO, OCTOBER 12th 1926

"The forty-fourth Territorial Congress of The Salvation Army, which has been meeting in the city for the past few days, concluded last evening. Some five thousand Salvationists have been in attendance at the various sessions held in the Arena and elsewhere. The Congress is a fine demonstration of the splendid work of this remarkable Organization. William Booth built better than he knew when he laid the foundations of The Salvation Army. He had one idea in mind, and it has been the strict adherence of The Army to that idea that has brought the striking success it has attained in the eighty-two countries throughout the world, in which its 'blood-and-fire' Flag flies. Commissioner Henry W. Mapp, International Secretary for the Dominions and the United States, gave the secret of its success when he said on Sunday: 'The Salvation Army is a religious Organization, first and last and between.' So long as The Salvation Army retains its religious ideal it will, by the Divine favor, grow and prosper. If there is any danger that confronts it to-day, it is from within itself, in allowing its Social Work to dwarf its primary and more important spiritual function. The fact that some two hundred people professed conversion at the services held in the Arena on Sunday shows, however, that so far as this part of The Army's work here is concerned that danger does not exist."

One Congress convert, a young lady who had been attracted to The Army through the Life-Saving Guard Movement, offered herself for India.

"Full steam ahead" must surely have been the order transmitted to the furnace-room of the Arena on Sunday night, judging from the comfortable heat. Guess that was the fishers slogan, too.

How mightily God can use a man handicapped by an overstrained throat, was demonstrated on Sunday in the magnificent effort of Commissioner Mapp.

Colonels Adby and Morehen and Major McElhinney shared duty as prayer meeting leaders.

Two little girls, aged 5 and 10, who, living near the Arena, had been attracted by the unusual stir, came to see what was going on and got converted!

Who said the Arena would be ill-fitted for successful penitent-form results?

If parked cars are a criterion of prosperity, many wealthy personages were present at the Arena on Sunday afternoon.

Downtown restaurants wish Congresses were held monthly.

A poor lad, with toes sticking through his boots, was among Sunday night's seekers. He displayed a much-used Testament, from which he said he read a portion daily.

The newly-formed Cadets' Band made good showing, and evidently means to maintain the traditions of the past.

"Dad" Liddle, Crimean veteran, and in his 99th year, was an interesting figure at the Congress.

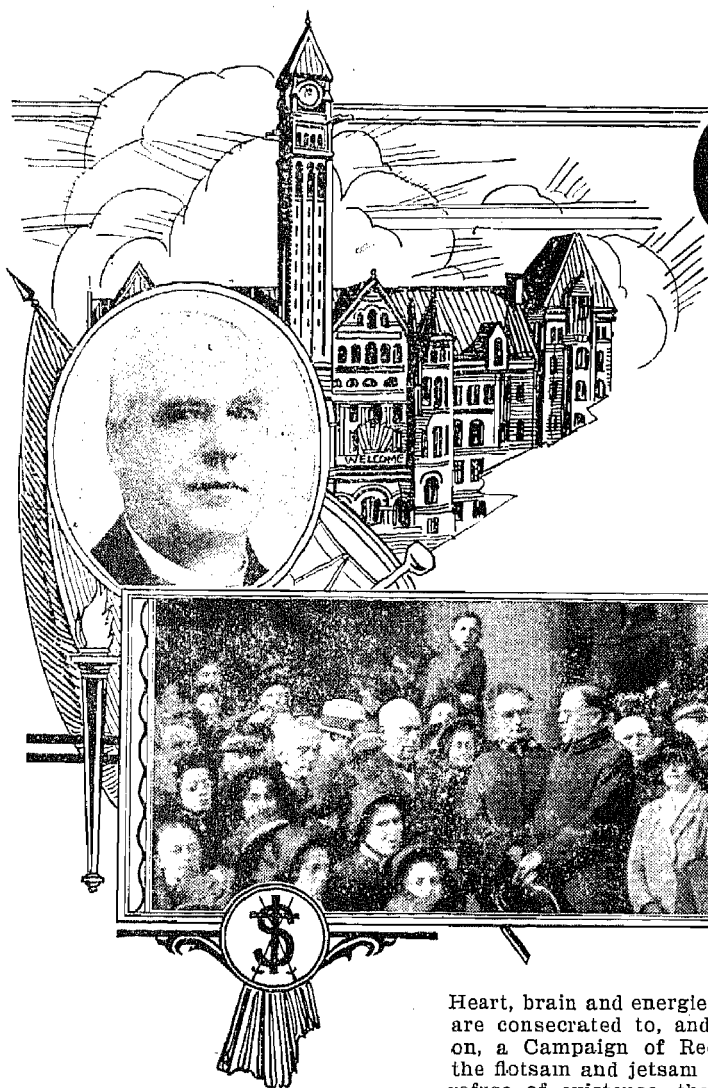
Ensign Manickavasager was guest of honor at two "Re-unions," former Cadets of the "Diligence" and "Aggressive" Sessions doing him honor.

Permission was granted for the covering up during the Congress of a tobacco advertisement which hung high up in the centre of the Arena; the management stating they would have refused such permission to any organization other than The Salvation Army.

Commissioner Mapp follows up his Congress campaign in Toronto with a similar fixture in Winnipeg, and thence goes to Vancouver, and then comes back to Chicago, before returning to England, via New York.

Officers' Councils were conducted by the Congress Leader during Congress Monday and Tuesday. The Commissioner also conducted Staff Councils on the Wednesday morning before entraining with Staff-Captain Taylor and Ensign Manickavasager for the West.

The Editor puts on record his appreciation of the splendid work of the members of the Editorial and Printing Staffs, which has made possible the production of this issue at top speed. He says you will have to travel far to beat either the penmen or printers, and if anyone has made the discovery, he will be glad to hear from him.



Civic Welcome

TO CONGRESS LEADER AND DELEGATES

MAYOR FOSTER COINS SLOGAN and
COMMISSIONER MAPP quickens City Pride



"TO THE FUTURE," said Mayor Thomas Foster, in receiving the Delegates, "you can look with confidence because of the exploits of the past." And it seemed that in so saying His Worship had coined a slogan for the Congress. "To the Future" eyes were turned with the quiet gaze of the visionary; "To the Future" hearts yearned with the unquenchable ache for transcendent triumphs.

Saturday afternoon was the occasion ideal. During the morning there had been wintry snap and a threat of spring showers, but a thousand delegates assembled in University boulevard under the amiable rays of a real autumnal sun. By skilful marshalling, animated groups of enthusiastic Congress delegates were formed into orderly ranks, and by the time the Territorial Commander and the International Commissioner, with the Staffs from T.H.Q. had taken their places in the procession, an imposing array of effective fighting forces was ready.

On the March

A whistle shrilled. A drum boomed. Martial music burst forth from the brazen throats of the Temple instruments. A thousand delegates swung into step. And The Army was on the march.

By a devious route, the delegates processioned; stirring music was supplied by the Dovercourt and Cadets' Bands. Traffic was held up by the police. And for thirty minutes representative citizens of Toronto lined up in obvious admiration of this Army of Reconstruction.

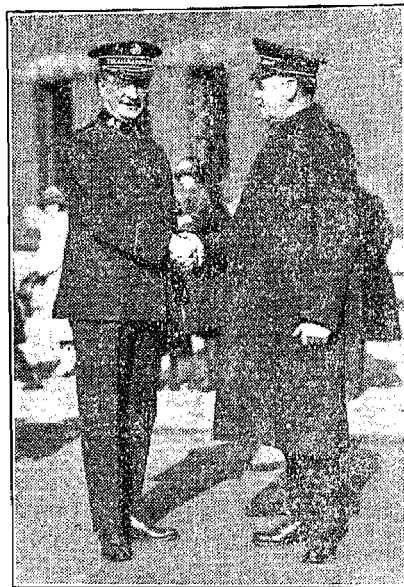
Arriving at the City Hall at scheduled time, the Civic Reception was proceeded with. From those steps, in the past, benedictions have been pronounced on troops departing for the fields of mud and blood in Flanders. There, business organizations have gathered, fraternal bodies have centered, and political triumphs been celebrated. That spot is the rendezvous of celebrities.

War That is Different

But on this occasion the Soldiers wage a different warfare; they likewise engage a different enemy; the executive chiefs direct a different force.

Heart, brain and energies of this Army are consecrated to, and concentrated on, a Campaign of Reconstruction—the flotsam and jetsam of society, the refuse of existence, the excrescences of humanity and the debris of a sin-scarred world are rescued and restored.

And there was drama in the scene. Among those delegates were men who might have been wasting their time and talents, and women who might have been contributing to the nation's stock of worth—the nebulous nonsense of butterfly-life. There were robust youths and maidens who, instead of dissipating strength and destroying soul in attractive but useless ways of the world, have dedicated every power of the mind, every fibre of the



Two Commissioners whom we know and esteem

body, every passion of the soul to the Life that Saves.

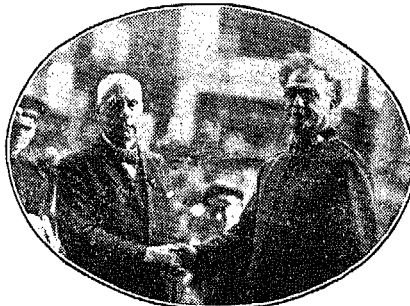
Service and Sacrifice

Nor was the setting for this ceremony faulty. Two thousand people packed those steps and the approaches. Their dark blue uniforms, together with the blue and crimson tunics of the Bandsmen and silver instruments, made a picture of business-like soldiery . . . behind was the Cenotaph—emblem of service and

sacrifice . . .

And above all towered the tower of the City Hall, typifying all for which Toronto stands—solidity, power, character and un-ornamental usefulness. It was only fitting that Toronto the Good should, through its Chief Citizen, extend the hand of welcome to these other Soldiers of Service and Sacrifice.

"To the Future" was the silent hope of each heart, the muttered prayer of each soul. "To the Future" was the urging-on cry of the achievements of the Past.



Mayor Foster and Commissioner Mapp

"Judging by the strides you have made," said Mayor Foster to The Army, represented by a thousand delegates, "your future is assured. I hope that you will be inspired by this Congress to carry on with greater vigor and force."

Reviewed the Past

For a while His Worship reviewed the past accomplishments which have given lustre to The Army's name. He referred to the ameliorative efforts of the Social Work, the welfare work of The Army during the war and the spiritual recreative work in the character of mankind.

"Toronto is in sympathy with your work," declared the Mayor, having in mind the fact that there are more Salvationists in this city, proportionate to the population, than in any other city in the world.

In well-turned phrases, Commissioner Sowton introduced the delegates to the Mayor, after the Bands had played "O Canada," and His Worship was thanked by Commissioner Mapp, who delivered the following address:

"YOUR WORSHIP, we have listened attentively to your words and believe they come from your heart. The spirit behind this occasion is truly a significant indication of the high platform upon which this splendid city of Toronto stands. It is a keen observer and warm appreciator of every agency operating for the welfare of humanity. Your words will encourage us to continue the work which God has placed in our hands, with greater zeal and effectiveness.

"I am the honored and happy bear-

er of greetings to you, and through you to the city of Toronto, from General Booth and all associated with him at our International Headquarters. The General and Mrs. Booth and Commissioner Higgins, the Chief of the Staff, retain very happy recollections of their visits to this great, progressive, developing city and as they have traveled in different parts of the world they have spoken in high and appreciative terms of the co-operation, help, and encouragement which have been extended all through the years to the Officers and members of The Salvation Army.

"As a former resident of the city of Toronto, and as a regular, and may I not say frequent, visitor to this city for the last twelve or fourteen years, noting, and observing the many remarkable developments of the city, I would like to take this opportunity of congratulating you on the part you have played. I have traveled in connection with the work of The Salvation Army in many parts of the world and I can say to you that Toronto occupies a high place on the horizon of the universe. It is noted for those things which count; those things which are vital. And so, your Worship, on behalf of this host of delegates from so many different points of the Canada East Territory, as well as for myself, I thank you for your kindness and for all you have done to help us with our great work. And now I would like to take the opportunity of presenting to you a son of the great Dependency of India, Ensign Manickavasager, the son of one of our native pioneer Officers in that country."

This action was loudly applauded by the people, as was also His Worship's cordial treatment of, and kindly words spoken to the Ensign, whom we shall not soon forget.

The ceremony was over. The Mayor returned to his parlor. The Bands marched away. The crowds dispersed. But the heart of an Army was turned "To the Future."

NEWS IN BRIEF

Commandant and Mrs. Arthur Smith wish to thank all who interceded at the Throne on behalf of the Commandant in his recent serious illness, from which he is making gratifying recovery. The Cadets spent a special session in prayer on the Commandant's behalf. Our comrades feel that it was only prayer that availed in bringing him back from the Valley of the Shadow.

News is just to hand of the promotion to Glory of Adjutant Perritt, of Grand Rapids, Mich., and father of Treasurer Perritt, of Lisgar Street Corps. Deepest sympathy is extended to Mrs. Perritt in her sad loss, and to the son and the other bereaved relatives.

Bandsman George Rock, of Dovercourt, suffered serious burns when an explosion occurred at his work. Our comrade is likely to be confined to hospital for some time, but is retaining a remarkably cheerful spirit, despite his disablement.

A half-night of prayer is to be conducted at the Lippincott Street Citadel on Tuesday, October 26th, commencing at 8 p.m. and concluding at midnight.

A Great Sunday

COMMISSIONER MAPP
A.M. CONDUCTS EFFECTIVE MEETINGS IN THE ARENA P.M.
ONE HUNDRED AND SIXTY SEEKERS

Holiness Unto the Lord

CONGRESS SUNDAY, as associated with the Annual Celebration of The Army's birthday in Canada, has always been recognized as a sort of Holy Convocation. It is always anticipated with concern by hundreds of Officers and Soldiers many leagues distant from the scene itself.

Canada has been fortunate in the matter of leadership on these great occasions. Much depends as a matter of course on the first meeting of the day, for since it is especially devoted to what may be termed The Army's Classic—Holiness—it is expected to give tone to the whole day's activities. Usually, too, this has been dealt with by able expositors. So that there are a multitude of witnesses to this "Triumph of Grace" who have a blissful retrospect in some past Congress Sunday as the occasion which brought them the "Pearl of great price."

This year's morning service proved a worthy successor to the many preceding it, and sustained in a marked degree the high standard that has been set for many years. For attendance it unquestionably holds the record, as there was a larger number than could be accommodated in the Massey Hall, the largest building we have had hitherto.

The Arena presented a scene of peculiar interest as one noted the rising tiers of seats on either side—the uniforms of dark blue with contrasting dots and patches of bright red. The effect was heightened as the huge concourse rose and the rolling cadences of the opening song formed a grand petition for the Presence of the Divine and a plea for individual blessing. Each succeeding feature contributed to the wonderful atmosphere of expectancy—the beautiful solo by Mrs. Brigadier Taylor, and the lesson read by Mrs. Major Bristow. The testimony of Ensign Manickavasager was very telling in its fine English, and expressed the loftiest sentiment of personal religion. It gave matter for thought that this native son of India was able to give in such simplicity personal testimony of "cleansing from all sin," and rising to the highest thought of discipleship and example expressed in the lines he repeated:—

"Let the beauty of Jesus be seen in me."

It was well that the occasion was in able hands and that we were favored in having Commissioner Henry Mapp as the exponent of the great theme which is looked for on the morning of Anniversary Sunday. We realized he was quickly susceptible to the wonderful atmosphere of prayerful thought and anticipation that existed. The very announcement of the text, "And there stood by the Cross of Jesus His mother," captured the attention of the great throng, and through the development of the wonderful story, waves of divine influence swept over us. Wonderful word-pictures of the scenes of Calvary and their application to the needs of today, caused considerable introspection as to personal responsibility. The "Triumph of the Cross" in personal experience and in the life of sacrifice for the benefit of others were some of the great lessons brought vividly to our minds.

Surely the morning service of Congress Sunday, 1926, will live long in the minds of all privileged to be there, apart from the thirty-four who came forward to dedicate themselves to the larger ideal that had been so ably presented.—J.F.S.

AFTERNOON

BRILLIANT LECTURE Fascinates Monster Audience ONTARIO'S PREMIER PRESIDES

RECOGNITION of the splendid service rendered by The Salvation Army was made by the Ontario Government on Sunday afternoon, October 10th, when Hon. G. Howard Ferguson, Premier of Ontario, gra-

What

The Hon. G. H. FERGUSON,

Premier of Ontario,

Thinks about

**THE SALVATION
 ARMY**

I know from experience something of the wonderful work which is being accomplished by The Salvation Army.

We have many worthy Organisations that are doing good in this Province of Ontario, but I know of no Organisation so comprehensive in its activities and which achieves more practical good for the community than The Salvation Army.

The Salvation Army has the true conception of the needs of humanity, and is establishing in the individual that self-respect and integrity so essential for the development of a great Christian country.

The Salvation Army's work in the sphere of migration and settlement has been proven to bear fruit one hundredfold.

As a movement, The Salvation Army is unparalleled in the history of the world. It is the result of a Divinely-inspired vision materialised in and through the selflessness, courage and inspirational leadership of William Booth.



Salvation is of God

THE NIGHT MEETING had been looked forward to with an intense interest all its own. It had been the subject of more prayer and faith, perhaps, than either of the preceding gatherings, for it was known that it would present the opportunity—precious to the heart of every Salvationist—for a big battle for souls.

And looking out over the mighty concourse of people which thronged the Arena, one could not but thank God for the truly great occasion now at hand. He had been besought for many days to

bless the efforts to get together a crowd of people equal to the colossal proportions of the building, and here was His gracious answer, "pressed down and running over."

As a means to an end the opening song was glorious. The Commissioner had chosen the Founder's immortal epic, "O Boundless Salvation," and the spiritual atmosphere created was profound in its influence upon all that followed. Prayer by Lieut. Colonel Southall, and the singing of "Oh, for a thousand tongues," led by Colonel Henry, preceded the reading by Colonel Bettridge of the 51st Psalm with brief, but pointed comments.

Ensign Manickavasager's soulful appeal was convincing in its manifold sincerity, whether as a pleader for souls

or as a witness to the solid value of the missionary work of The Salvation Army.

Commissioner Hodder, taking one of the passages in the Psalm which had been read, linked it up with a number of Bible incidents in which corresponding experiences were forced home, and the whole most effectively united in a stirring call to get right with God.

With deepened feeling increasingly perceptible all over the house Commissioner Mapp then took hold of things, and in impassioned tones was quickly urging the sinner, the backslider, the child of God, each and all to act upon the movings of the Spirit now being experienced, and to step out in the light now given.

And was God the Holy Spirit really moving upon the people in any marked degree? Who in the world being present could have doubted it! Conscience-stricken men and women

had sat staring in the face of the Commissioner as he called for the doing of duty at any cost, and now as at his request all heads were bowed one saw in not a few instances deep contrition in the very stoop of the shoulders.

While the Commissioner was still on his feet, seekers were already at the mercy-seat, and as Colonel Powley prayed, others followed. Then came Colonel Aaby to the rail, and "Just as I am," resounded through the place. By this time the Officers appointed as fishers were quickly and persistently ministering and convincing as circumstances required, and where, despite the holy influences at work, hearts were adamant in their refusal to yield, wise effort and faithful persistency frequently achieved success.

The handling of such an immense congregation was no easy matter, but it was well done, and the ready response to the call for prayer or praise was

(Continued on page 13)

ciously presided over that session of the Forty-fourth Territorial Congress, convened in the Arena. An audience of some 5,000 was in attendance and greeted the Premier with cheers.

Heartily endorsing the work of The Army, Premier Ferguson expressed the keenest appreciation of the humanitarian and educational service rendered, as well as the outstanding religious influence of the Salvationists.

On the platform with Premier Ferguson and Commissioner Mapp, were Commissioner and Mrs. Sowton, Commissioner and Mrs. Hodder, Colonel and Mrs. Henry, Lieutenant-Colonel Taylor, Ensign Manickavasager of India, the Rev. Dr. W. H. Sedgewick, Dr. Goodchild, Mr. and Mrs. Bowlby, Controllers Robbins and MacBride, Mr. Harry McGee, and others.

The meeting was opened with prayer, offered

(Continued on page 6)



Commissioner and Mrs. Hodder, welcome participants in our "Forty-Fourth"

(Continued from page 5)

by Brigadier Bramwell Taylor. A short prelude was then played by the Dovercourt and Danforth Bands, after which Commissioner Sowton introduced the chairman, Hon. G. Howard Ferguson.

Following his address, Premier Ferguson introduced Commissioner Mapp, who met with a hearty reception.

The Commissioner spoke first reminiscently of his initial contact with The Salvation Army during his school days in Bombay. That contact led to his Soldiership and his forty-two years of service as an Officer. During this time he has visited some forty different countries and colonies where The Salvation Army is working. Said he, in part:

THE BEGINNING

"As The Army passes before my gaze I can see the great, grand, glorious Organization carrying on its work of reformation and regeneration, and all that in the short space of something like sixty-one years. That is our position to-day. But, of course, it has not always been so. Like many enterprises, The Army had a small, difficult beginning. It was started by one man. There have been many descriptions concerning the work of The Salvation Army, but there is one which I think more graphically describes it than any other and I would like to take this opportunity of reading it to you. When it was written we had been in existence for fifty years.

"Fifty years ago, a young preacher stood gazing on the crowd on Mile End Waste, in the east end of London. He saw the numerous gin palaces, too small to contain the mob of customers, homeless beggars slouching along in the gutters, the young wives with blackened eyes. The preacher was aroused and impressed. The sight of so much misery wrung his heart and he then resolved to do what he could to better the lot of these victims of sin, crime and depravity. The Salvation Army is the outcome of that resolve. That one man was William Booth, the Founder of the Salvation Army, known as the 'Grand Old Man' of The Army. He has been gathered to his eternal reward, and though dead, he lives, and in the words of old we can say, 'His body lies mouldering in the grave, but his soul goes marching on!'

"At first The Salvation Army was misunderstood. It was misrepresented. It was treated with scorn,

derision and contempt. Wherever its members made their appearance they were looked upon by multitudes of people with askance. Persecution was their lot. Our people were cast into prison and there treated like animals. Authorities and individuals in high positions combined to put us out of business. But we stood our ground and held tenaciously to the great purpose for which God brought us into existence, and with the passing of time and with the appeals that we have made to the mind, intelligence, sympathy and confidence of the people, that prejudice has



gradually disappeared, until by the blessing of God and by the fidelity of our people, we now occupy a position where we can say that we are appreciated by all classes of people.

"To give you some idea with regard to that aspect, one of the most influential officials of the British Government recently said that if The Salvation Army ceased to exert its influence in the city of London there would be such a lapse on the part of the people that five thousand extra policemen could not fill its place in the depression of crime.

"Another powerful force that we were up against and whose antagonism hindered us, was the press of the world. At no time was the pen of the press dipped but what it produced slanderous statements. But those feelings have not only disappeared, they have more than made amends for the past in that their columns are now producing statements of a generous and eulogistic

character. One of the famous writers in the press recently referred to the work of The Salvation Army as follows: 'Those unfamiliar with The Salvation Army would stand aghast at the inner workings of this human machine. It works while others sleep. Criticism is silenced before the efficiency of its movements, the self-denial and devotion of its Officers, its rank and file, and the magnitude of its results.'

"Then again, another strong element that opposed us was the church as a whole. I am not surprised that they took up such a position for truly The Salvation Army was an unique innovation. The church doors were closed against us. Their members were warned against us and our lot was a hard one. But the Christian church, when it got the correct view-point of The Army, gradually surrendered its prejudices. And to-day the greatest harmony and most profound good feeling exists between the churches and The Army. One leading church dignitary, at a conference recently held, tried to inspire the workers of his community, introducing a reference to The Salvation Army, in these words: 'Shall we be satisfied with picking up one here and there, gathering together a more or less select congregation, and forgetting the Master's command, "Go ye into the highways and byways and compel them to come in?"' The Salvation Army has taught us a higher lesson than this. Whatever may be its faults, it has at least recalled to us the highest ideal of the church—compassion for the souls of men."

"But what is The Salvation Army? Before answering that question I would like to say what The Salvation Army is not. First, I would mention that The Salvation Army is not a sect. We are not a narrow, bigoted people. Then, secondly, I would like to say that The Salvation Army is not a political society. Every Soldier of The Army is at liberty to entertain his or her own political views. Then, lastly, I would like to say that The Salvation Army is not opposed to other religious societies or organizations.

"What is The Salvation Army? Let me say this, that The Salvation Army is a religious organization.



Veteran "Congress Prayer Meeting Pilots"—Colonels Morehen and Adby

We are first religious, we are last religious, and we are religious all the way between, and God forbid that the day should come when The Salvation Army should be anything else but a religious organization.

"The Salvation Army is a philanthropic organization. We believe that no man has sunken so low but what a hand can be stretched out to help, and, reaching him, can lift him up, put him on his feet and make him better able to serve God and live a good life.

"Then, further, I would like to declare that The Salvation Army is a total abstinence organization. We believe in 'touch not, taste not, handle not.'

"All our powers are dedicated to the war against sin, and the doors of The Army are open to all who believe in Christ, who are delivered from the power of sin and are desirous of helping their fellows."

The Rev. Dr. W.H. Sedgewick, the much-loved pastor of the Metropolitan Church, in moving a vote of thanks to Commissioner Mapp for his masterly address, paid eloquent tribute to The Salvation Army, saying, in part:—"The Organization under whose banner we are met this afternoon has passed through four stages—contempt, opposition, examination and vindication, and is to-day esteemed and supported by all enlightened people. Under God, and additional to the sacrificial loyalty of Salvationists, the secret of success is fidelity to the ideals promulgated by William Booth, who has been so aptly referred to as 'the man who lit so many fires in cold rooms.'"

SOLDIERS' ASSEMBLY SATURDAY NIGHT

EIGHTEEN eighty-two; nineteen twenty-six! What vivid contrasts these two dates offer in the light of Salvation Army development in the Queen City. Then—a handful of Soldiers, fighting for existence in a blacksmith's shop, hounded from pillar to post, bullied, buffeted. But now...

Those sturdy pioneers of yesterday—"Glory Tom" Calhoun and Joe Ludgate—could scarcely have visioned, even by an exaggerated stretch of imagination, what four decades would produce in the growth of Canada's Soldiery, represented so magnificently by this vast assembly in the Arena on October 9th.

This splendid body is a tribute to the founders of our Movement in the Dominion. They builded well—and this is the result. The onward march has been a gruelling one, beset with



Ensign : : Joseph Manickavasager

OUR dusky visitor from "India's Coral Stand" is a second generation Salvationist, his father being a retired Major, with thirty-six years' Salvation service to his credit. The Ensign has two brothers, Adjutants, who are holding aloft the Salvation standard in their own land, and one sister, the wife of a Divisional Commander, who holds the rank of Major.

That splendid warrior, Lieut.-Colonel Perera, who endeared himself to Canadian Salvationists during the 1924 Congress, was the chief medium of this versatile young man's conversion. The Colonel, under whose direction the Ensign was educated, would often engage his bright pupil in spiritual conversation, and conversion was the ultimate outcome. Successfully continuing his studies he was the first Army Officer to qualify as a teacher of English in a middle school. In addition to his own language, Malayalam, he speaks Tamil and English with fluency.

In 1915, having undergone a session in The Army Training Garrison, he became an Officer-teacher and has served creditably at Nagercoil and Trivandrum. In the latter appointment, where the Ensign had under his direction eight

(Continued on page 11)

many harassments at the hands of the Evil One, but its progress, although hampered at times, has never been checked. We give God the glory!

The Arena presented a great sight. A solid phalanx of blue partially filled the Arena proper, and overflowed the amphitheatre on either side. They represented 577 centres in which The Army is operating in Canada East. Montrealeers rubbed shoulders with Torontouians; Ottawans with Oshawans and Londoners with Windsorites, in a gratifying spirit of amity.

Zero hour arrived, and Commissioner Mapp, preceded by our own Territorial Leader and Mrs. Sowton, and the Chief Secretary and Mrs. Henry, appeared. A full-throated roar of welcome, which reverberated among the girders of the "upper regions" of the

incident with regard to his little girl.

Using an apt simile, that of Joshua's challenge to his army, Commissioner Mapp, with many a deft, human touch, sounded a consecration call. His address was a model of eloquent gesture, oratory and logic, but it was more, it was an appeal from the very soul of the Commissioner to the soul of the stalwarts in session.

Wonderful were the scenes witnessed in the first Prayer meeting of the Congress. Within one minute of the Commissioner's invitation for responses to his challenge, a brother had stepped forward. He was followed by forty-four others.

A SOLDIER'S IMPRESSION

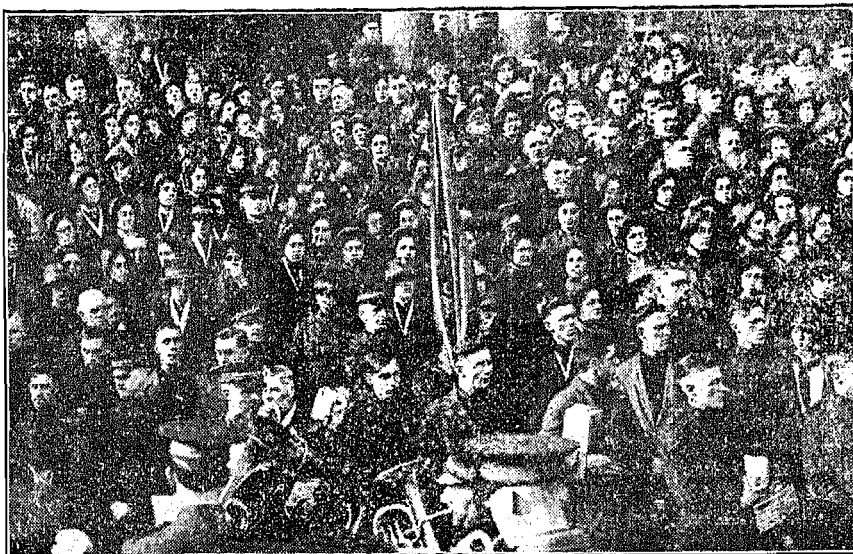
The Soldiers' Assembly, held on Congress Saturday night, was an outstanding meeting in many respects. One could not fail to be moved by the fervent spirit of the gathering.

I arrived early and as I watched the comrades assemble, their manner indicated that they had not come for entertainment, but with an earnest desire to receive benefit. It thrilled me to remember that this magnificent audience was composed of twice-born men and women, fighting Soldiers of The Salvation Army, and that this great concourse of redeemed souls had come together to invoke the Holy Spirit to work in them and through them that they should be better equipped to serve God and their fellowmen.

The cry unto the Lord in the opening song, "Send the Fire!" surely reached the throne of God. The Scripture reading by Mrs. Commissioner Sowton, Commissioner Hodder's inspiring prayer and the second song—"Jesus, Thy fullness give"—brought a keen sense of God's nearness and power.

After Commissioner Sowton in a few happily chosen words had presented the General's representative, Commissioner Mapp, we were made to feel that it is no small honor to be a Soldier of the world-wide Salvation Army. He called upon us to value the heritage left us by the God-anointed men and women who, through toil and persecution, persevered and won.

A deep impression was made upon all our hearts by a gentle-voiced comrade from India, Ensign Manickavasager. As we listened to his message of love, his thanks for services rendered to his countrymen, his concern for the great need of his beloved India, and his desire to be a channel of blessing to all he met in this country, the conviction came that this man from a heathen country was letting "the beauty of Jesus be seen in him" by a life of self-sacrifice. What an incentive



A section of the crowd which assembled at the City Hall on Congress Saturday afternoon

BREVITIES

The work of The Army's Rescue Home in Tientsin, especially among the Chinese, has been very difficult owing to the disturbed state of the country. The Army has, however, certainly helped in the closing of one foreign licensed house. A number of Russian women, who would otherwise have been stranded or unhappily situated, have been helped, and some were returned to their friends. Other foreign women have found the Home a "haven" indeed, and have been protected and guided into good paths.

Colonel J. Allister Smith has been affectionately welcomed to the South African Territory, of which he is taking temporary command. "Advance South Africa!" was the clarion call sounded, which is meeting with loyal response.

Captain Alfred J. Gilliard, I.H.Q. WAR CRY, has been appointed to act as THE WAR CRY'S special representative in reporting the General's meeting in his first Campaign in the Far East.

Lieut.-Colonel S. R. Samaraveera, of Ceylon, recently spent a couple of days at Matara, his old battle-ground, where, as a Buddhist, he first stepped into the Light of Life.

Major Palstra, Divisional Commander for Java, recently conducted a three days' campaign at Magelang. The Military Commander gave permission for an open-air to be held on a large open space in the centre of the married soldiers' quarters. Nearly 800 persons were present. Two days' holiday was also given the Military Flute Band in order that the bandmen might attend and take part in the meetings.



Colonel Jacobs and one of his daughters, Sister Mrs. Alex. McMillan, whose recovery, following a tragic accident sustained about a year ago, borders on the miraculous. She took in the Congress in great style!

spacious building, greeted him. No superficial, excited greeting this. Commissioner Mapp won his way into Canadian hearts long before this Congress. The meeting was soon under way; a song prayer was lifted up, "Thou Christ of burning, cleansing flame, send the fire." Commissioner Hodder, following up the theme, petitioned that we might "drink in, as never before, all Thy fullness."

"Whereby are given unto us exceeding great and precious promises," read Mrs. Sowton, continuing with the Apostle Peter's exhortation:

"Add to your faith virtue; and to virtue knowledge; and to knowledge temperance; and to temperance patience; and to patience godliness; and to godliness brotherly kindness; and to brotherly kindness charity."

Warmly presented by Commissioner Sowton, Commissioner Mapp stepped alertly forward to the accompaniment of another thunderous ovation. His first word, as would be expected, was an expression of gratification for the marvelous expansion of our work. Swiftly changing the theme, he spoke in heartfelt terms of his aspirations for the outcome of the Congress. Not less moving was his statement, "I come as a brother and comrade; I am one with you in purpose, spirit and in mind for God and for The Salvation Army."

The Commissioner then presented our picturesque visitor from India. A turbaned, slight figure, whose vigor of expression and energetic gesture belie that attenuated form. He spoke gratefully of belonging to the great Salvation Army family, of the wonderful ministry of our Officer-missionaries in India; of his father's desires for him, and related a touching



Envoy David Shankland, Toronto's first enrolled Soldier, greeting Ensign Manickavasager

missioner's declaration of his loyalty to God, before loyalty to others, and his earnest exhortation to all to give God the first place in their lives, was very effective.

I am convinced that the Soldiers' Assembly brought light and inspiration to many, and conviction and consecration to others. Its influence cannot be measured by the number of seekers who went to the mercy-seat, although they were not a few. In the months to come, the inspiration received will bring much blessing to the Corps represented at this notable gathering.

David Shankland, Envoy.



Dovercourt Band and the Life-Saving Guards of Toronto Temple, who took part in the "Civic Reception" parade

IT WAS THAT "Spectacular Gem" business in the announcement which first rivetted my attention. You see I've always had a weakness for the ornate in language, and that pairing of words simply lassoed me. So here I am—a weary, wandering and wondering pilgrim—squat in a monster Toronto Auditorium they call the Arena. Say, but it's drab and dingy here. How these folk can ever associate this overgrown barn with a "spectacular gem" is beyond the limits of my imagination. But then Army people have a reputation for being remarkable transformers. Think I shall anchor here for the evening to see what's doing.

Well, things are moving some. It's only seven o'clock now and the place is surely surrendering its chilly austerity to the incoming crowds. Those tiers of dull, red seats, yonder are becoming tremblingly alive with happy people. I begin to like them. The two entrances to the left—thin, broken lines of people trickled through them a little while ago; but now they are like a swollen river and a torrent of hustling, jostling humanity is gushing into the building. Seems as if there might be something "spectacular" by-and-by. I'll wait.

The incessant buzzing of many voices suggests that this is a gigantic hive. But a Band relieves the buzz. I'm glad. They say it's the Temple Band playing, and it's a martial note they sound.

More crowds. More waiting. The top tiers, away up in the shadowy distance, are now filled. There are approximately 6,999 people beside myself waiting for zero hour. I am comforted. Another Band quickens the pulse of expectancy. This time it is the Dovercourt aggregation, and their playing robs the moments of monotony.

A bell! It is a signal. All eyes look toward the entrance, and an escort of Life-Saving Scouts smartly march across the floor toward the platform. The Salvation Army leaders follow. There are Commissioner Mapp (this year's Congress Leader), Commissioner and Mrs. Sowton, Commissioner and Mrs. Hodder, Colonel and Mrs. Henry, Lieut.-Colonel Taylor, and Ensign Manickavasager, of India. The Bands sound a welcoming note which crescendoes to breaking point, and thousands of hands clap out their greeting. Commissioner Sowton steps to the front, and in deep, full voice lines out the opening song. The event is on—we shall see what we shall see.

The assemblage rises, as if to put into practice the song they sing—"Stand up and bless the Lord." Lieut.-Colonel Taylor prays that the Heavenly Father might touch with His Spirit the performance of this hour. He remembers those who live in the night, and this wanderer fidgets uncomfortably. Too personal!

Now the stately Canada East Leader voices, on behalf of the Officers, Soldiers and friends assembled, a word of warm welcome to the International Secretary. He says: "Commissioner Mapp is loved and well-known in Canada," and a salvo of applause from the listeners vouches for the truth of that statement. Commissioner Sowton also reads telegraphic messages of well-wishing, received from Commander Evangeline Booth (U.S.A.), Lieut.-Commissioner Rich (Canada West), and Colonel Damon (Chief Secretary, Central Territory, U.S.A.).

A responsive Scripture reading, led by Colonel Henry, the Chief

The Evolution of T

BRILLIANT PAGEANT PORTRAYAL OF OUTSTANDING MIRACLE IN MODERN CHURCH HISTORY

OUR CONGRESS

LEADER

COMMISSIC

Secretary, follows. It is the 46th Psalm they are reading, and the majesty of this Word quiets the roaring and fretfulness of our hearts. "The God of Jacob is our Refuge."—Ah, may one find secure shelter from the pursuing things of the past? I wonder now.

But, how now? Lights are dimmed, and the centre of the Arena becomes the focal point of the calcium light. A tall, robed figure steps into view, and takes seat at a table. Other two immediately put in appearance; they are distinguished by high hats, frock coats, and prominent beards. Here are representatives of Messrs. William Booth, Bramwell Booth, and George Railton. Mr. Railton, in clear tones, reads a report describing the early-day Movement, at one time using the words "Volunteer Army." Mr. Bramwell jumps to his feet and exclaims: "Here, I am not a volunteer; I am a regular, or nothing at all!" Whereupon William Booth strokes his beard reflectively. The scene is being enacted with such realism that the silence is tense. Suddenly the old gentleman leans over the table, crosses out the word "Volunteer," replaces it with "Salvation." Here is inspiration, forsooth. A "Salvation Army"! Fancy now, an organization that to-day girdles the world was at one time under but three or four hats! I am interested.

The sound of blustery singing diverts our attention, and in marches a group of open-air warriors like unto those of 1865. The men are covered with silk "stove-pipe" hats, wear bow ties, and some brandish umbrellas. The women are bustled, laced and grotesquely spangled, as per the tintype pictures of grandmother which we see in most family albums. They form a ring, sing their songs to tunes almost recognizable, witness to the power of religion, and invite sinners to the sheepskin seat of mercy. Passersby—some tough, others tougher—resent this invasion of their haunts, and pelt the irrepressible street evangelists with sick eggs, over-ripe vegetables, and pancake flour. But, like the 600 at Balaclava, they never flinch; in fact, several of their persecutors are becoming penitent. There, an old hag has flung herself convulsively at the drumhead, and a Sister points her to the Skies. Something moves me to go. Passing strange. Why do they persist in singing "Will you go?" as if they meant this wanderer?

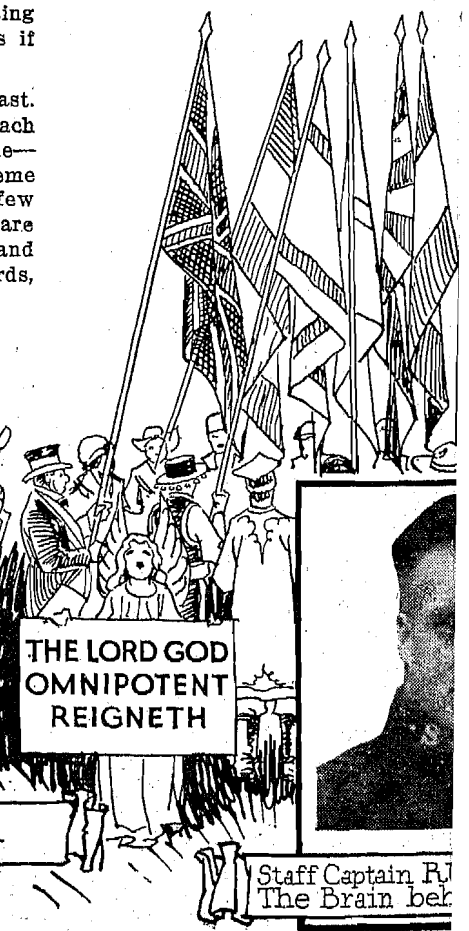
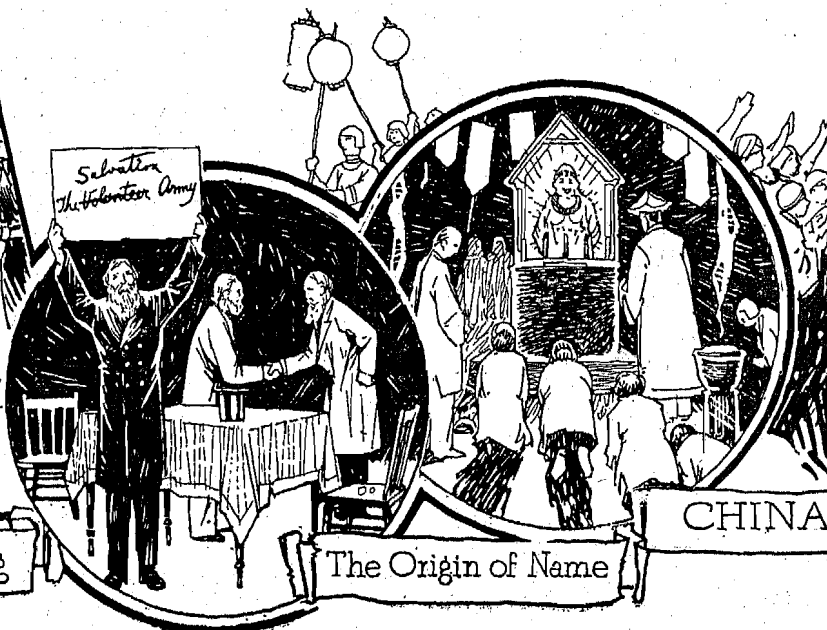
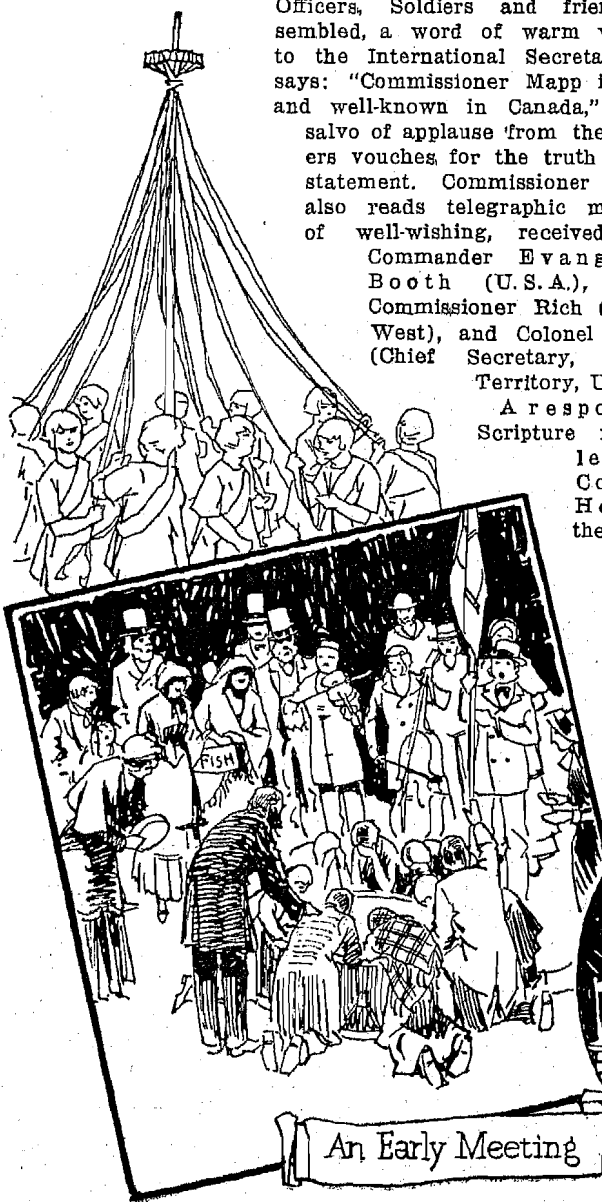
But what is this procession? A mighty Army marches past. A forest of banners and signs indicates the affiliation of each group. "Hostels for men," "Work rooms for girls," "Home Rule—give your waste paper to The Army," "General Booth's Scheme for Boys," "An unchanging Friend—Jesus"; these are a few among many. In this tide of beneficent humanity there are represented all departments of Army endeavor: the Men's and Women's Social, the Hospitals, the Cradle Roll, Scouts, Guards,

Sunbeams, Young People's Bands, and the like. No fewer than 100,000 people take part in the march. The magnitude of the diversity of operations shown is: Army of God has meant the revolution. When pietists declared that the church was not to be reached, this simple, zealous people actually did it. Behold the church history! Really, they come

There is a pause in the program. A tall, Herculean in physique, brushed back from a high forehead, the cheering crowds. His voice in far reaches of the immense building distinctly. As he continues, the stillness, and the people "borrow" of the speaker.

"As I rise to speak to you, the first word to my lips is a word of thanks. Thanks to one who has been a hearty welcome that you have sentative of the General of The Army, and on his behalf I thank you for your loyalty, your faith. Then I pass on to another sentiment, I mean, to God; a sentiment, I mean, to woman, boy and girl, for the reasons for gratitude to God are so to do, but one and all we owe to God has been our help.

"We take up the Word



Staff Captain, R. J. The Brain be

on of The Salvation Army

AYAL
E IN
RY

MOVING SPECTACLE WITNESSED BY
SEVEN THOUSAND PEOPLE IN
TORONTO'S VAST ARENA

COMMISSIONER MAPP ENTHUSIASTICALLY
WELCOMED

Sunbeams, Young People's Bands, and numerous other departments of work. No fewer than 1,000 souls are participating in the march. The magnitude of the display is staggering; the diversity of operations shown is amazing. The evolution of this Army of God has meant the revolution of threadbare theologies. When pietists declared that the "submerged tenth" were unreachable, this simple, zealous people interrupted the statement by actually doing it. Behold the outstanding miracle in modern church history! Really, they come near to winning me over!

* * * *

There is a pause in the proceedings, and Commissioner Mapp—tall, Herculean in physique; with thick, rebellious hair brushed back from a high forehead—steps forward to address the cheering crowds. His voice is powerful, and penetrates the far reaches of the immense building; he speaks measured and distinctly. As he continues, the throng of quivering life is stilled, and the people "borrow fire" from the eloquent torch of the speaker.

"As I rise to speak to you, the word which comes uppermost to my lips is a word of greeting, sincere, affectionate and hearty. Then I pass on to the expression of a note of thanks. Thanks to one and all for the reception and hearty welcome that you have extended to me as the representative of the General of The Salvation Army. In his name and on his behalf I thank you for your devotion. I thank you for your loyalty, your interest, and your sympathy. Then I pass on to another sentiment and it is one of gratitude to God; a sentiment, I believe, in which every man, woman, boy and girl joins. We cannot detail the reasons for gratitude to God. Time would not permit us so to do, but one and all we raise our Ebenezer, for hitherto God has been our help.

"We take up the Word of Scripture and we say, 'I

extol Thee, my God, O King; and I will bless Thy name for ever and ever.'

"Then may I pass on to say that I am right down glad to see you and to be in your midst. It is an inspiration to look upon this magnificent force of people and to see your fine, bright, smiling countenances. I am glad to look upon your Territorial Commander and Mrs. Sowton; upon our faithful comrades Commissioner and Mrs. Hodder. I am glad to find myself associated with these fine comrades and friends.

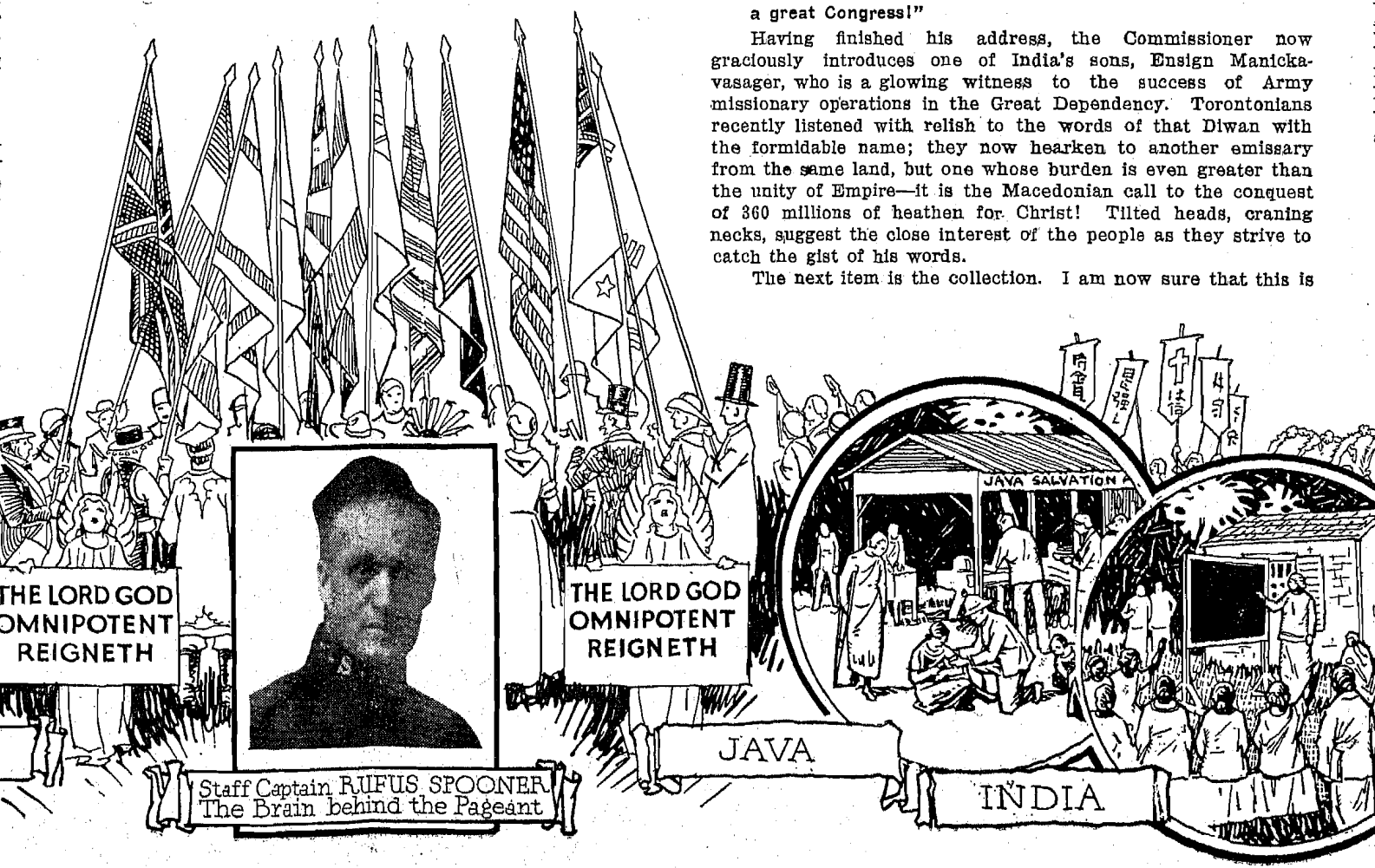
"I remember with joy the years I spent in the Dominion of Canada, and for previous visits I entertain feelings of satisfaction and gratification.

"I cannot come to this moment in this great Congress without making reference to our International Leader, our dear General, who is ploughing his way through the Pacific Ocean to the Far East, where we believe he will have a great time. I greet you for Mrs. Booth who was with us last year, and it is also my pleasure to bring to you greetings from the Chief of the Staff. The Salvation Army, under the leadership of the General, is marching ahead. The outlook has never been brighter, and we are glad to see this mighty demonstration of this world-girdling Salvation Army. While the spirit of aggression dwells amongst us we shall go on to greater and greater victories. I congratulate you with all my heart upon this important event. How wonderful it is that we should be here assembled in this festival of praise while there are so many things which would distract us. It behoves us to keep our minds set upon God. His glory and the extension of His Kingdom must be our paramount aim. May the Spirit of God descend upon us during these days of Congress, that there may result from this a mighty revival from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and we shall praise God from all our hearts.

"Speaking for myself I am at your disposal to do my best at all times and for all time. I believe we shall have a great Congress!"

Having finished his address, the Commissioner now graciously introduces one of India's sons, Ensign Manickavasager, who is a glowing witness to the success of Army missionary operations in the Great Dependency. Torontonians recently listened with relish to the words of that Diwan with the formidable name; they now hearken to another emissary from the same land, but one whose burden is even greater than the unity of Empire—it is the Macedonian call to the conquest of 360 millions of heathen for Christ! Tilted heads, craning necks, suggest the close interest of the people as they strive to catch the gist of his words.

The next item is the collection. I am now sure that this is



The Salvation Army

MOVING SPECTACLE WITNESSED BY
SEVEN THOUSAND PEOPLE IN
TORONTO'S VAST ARENA

GENERAL MAPP ENTHUSIASTICALLY
WELCOMED

and numerous other depart-
ments, 1,000 souls are participating in
the display is staggering; the
amazing. The evolution of this
evolution of threadbare theologies.
"submerged tenth" were un-
people interrupted the statement
outstanding miracle in modern
e near to winning me over!

ceedings, and Commissioner
ie; with thick, rebellious hair
ad—steps forward to address
s powerful, and penetrates the
ling; he speaks measured and
throng of quivering life is
fire" from the eloquent torch

du, the word which comes up-
of greeting, sincere, affection-
on to the expression of a note
d all for the reception and
s extended to me as the repre-
e Salvation Army. In his name
u for your devotion. I thank
interest, and your sympathy.
ntiment and it is one of grati-
believe, in which every man,
ins. We cannot detail the
l. Time would not permit us
raise our Ebenezer, for hither-

of Scripture and we say, 'I

extol Thee, my God, O King; and I will bless Thy name for
ever and ever.'

"Then may I pass on to say that I am right down glad to
see you and to be in your midst. It is an inspiration to look
upon this magnificent force of people and to see your fine,
bright, smiling countenances. I am glad to look upon your
Territorial Commander and Mrs. Sowton; upon our faith-
ful comrades Commissioner and Mrs. Hodder. I am glad to
find myself associated with these fine comrades and friends.

"I remember with joy the years I spent in the Dominion
of Canada, and for previous visits I entertain feelings of
satisfaction and gratification.

"I cannot come to this moment in this great Congress
without making reference to our International Leader, our
dear General, who is ploughing his way through the Pacific
Ocean to the Far East, where we believe he will have a
great time. I greet you for Mrs. Booth who was with us
last year, and it is also my pleasure to bring to you greet-
ings from the Chief of the Staff. The Salvation Army, under
the leadership of the General, is marching ahead. The out-
look has never been brighter, and we are glad to see this
mighty demonstration of this world-girdling Salvation
Army. While the spirit of aggression dwells amongst us
we shall go on to greater and greater victories. I con-
gratulate you with all my heart upon this important event.
How wonderful it is that we should be here assembled in
this festival of praise while there are so many things which
would distract us. It behoves us to keep our minds set upon
God. His glory and the extension of His Kingdom must be
our paramount aim. May the Spirit of God descend upon us
during these days of Congress, that there may result from
this a mighty revival from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and
we shall praise God from all our hearts.

"Speaking for myself I am at your disposal to do my
best at all times and for all time. I believe we shall have
a great Congress!"

Having finished his address, the Commissioner now
graciously introduces one of India's sons, Ensign Manicka-
vasager, who is a glowing witness to the success of Army
missionary operations in the Great Dependency. Torontonians
recently listened with relish to the words of that Diwan with
the formidable name; they now hearken to another emissary
from the same land, but one whose burden is even greater than
the unity of Empire—it is the Macedonian call to the conquest
of 360 millions of heathen for Christ! Tilted heads, craning
necks, suggest the close interest of the people as they strive to
catch the gist of his words.

The next item is the collection. I am now sure that this is

an Army meeting, but all hands dig deep, for God
has been touching our hearts.

And all the while, buildings are being erected
with uncanny speed. The floor is transformed to a
Javanese scene. There are two simultaneous acts:
to the right is a hospital, with skilled doctors and
nurses attending to a constant stream of patients
who clamor for treatment. Leprosy has blinded
some, robbed others of fingers and toes. So this
river of human misery pours into The Army dis-
pensaries; they have their festering, putrid sores
treated by a prescription of medicine, music and
love. A surgeon is seen to pray before he applies
the knife. Is it any wonder that line upon line of
suffering, sinning peoples throughout the world
converge toward this Movement, a Mecca of
mercy?

Concurrent with the hospital scene, a Sand Tray
Class is under way. The children of the sufferers
shall not go through life as waifs of the race. The
boys and girls are garbed in pink, crossed with a blue sash.
Presently a leper Band enters, and the children hie yonder to
an old-fashioned English Maypole. The melody of the music-
makers puts dance into the toes of the tots, and they friskily
skip like so many fairies, all the time weaving a yellow, red and
blue jacket about the pole. There is a sudden release from
play and these little ones rush toward the platform and sweetly
"throw kisses" at the Congress Leader, who cordially returns
the compliment.

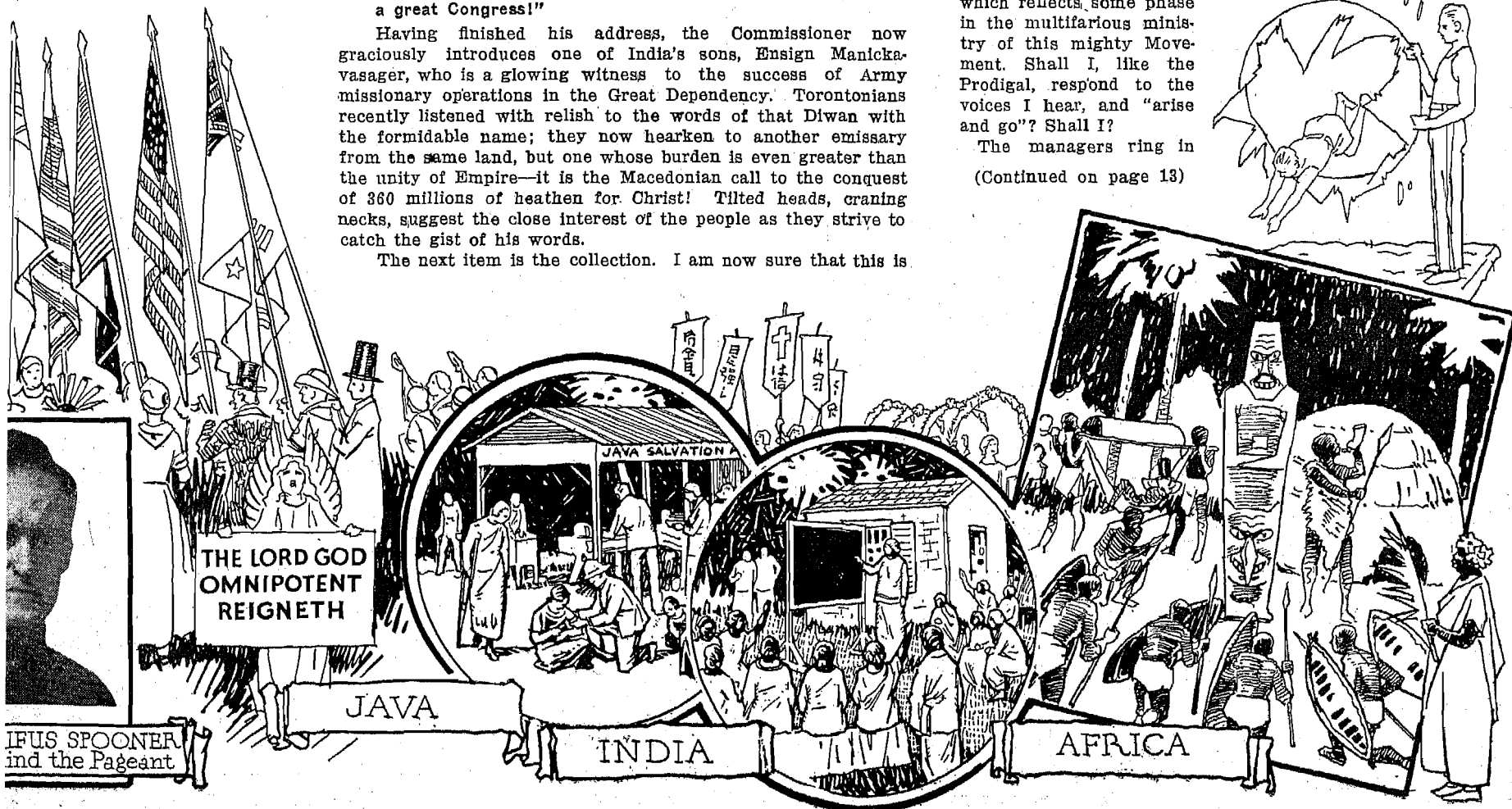
Interest is not allowed to lag, for in a jiffy the tableau
changes and we behold a scene from the heart of India. Women
of the Dom Criminal Tribes prostrate themselves as they dedi-
cate their babes to a life of crime. To the right and left tall,
gaunt cocoanut trees, unfeelingly witness the heathen ceremony.

Like a thunder-clap the air is rent with a hideous out-cry,
while a horde of crims burst into the clearing. They brandish
ugly weapons. Their piercing yells are terrifying. They break
into a shack, attack the inmates and set fire to the place. The
scene is one of furore, vivid and unforgettably realistic. British
red-coats appear and the culprits flee. But that is not the end
of the raiders, for we soon see many of them under Army sur-
veillance, some becoming wonderfully converted and donning
the uniform.

To the left Major Tyndall, who has spent some years in
India, leads an Open-air replete in rousément. Tom-toms beat,
tambourines jingle, and all sing a weird, native tune in the
vernacular. To the right a village school is seen in progress.
A class of scarlet-smocked students repeat the multiplication
table in unison. They then muster in the centre, each girl
bearing an arch of grain, and an Indian Harvest Thanksgiving
Drill is soon in progress. All lights are dimmed save the spot-
light which casts a bewitching cerise sheen about the drillers.
And methinks the beam that falls upon those girls foretells a
day when The Morning Star shall totally illumine the Oriental
darkness.

The drill is fascinating. They pair, wheel, cross, interlace;
they form a spiral maze, and then a star. It dawns upon me
why the event was announced as a "spectacular gem." Indeed the
whole portrayal is a gem
of many facets, each of
which reflects some phase
in the multifarious minis-
try of this mighty Move-
ment. Shall I, like the
Prodigal, respond to the
voices I hear, and "arise
and go"? Shall I?

The managers ring in
(Continued on page 13)



Three Years in : : Newfoundland

A Snapshot Viewing of a Valuable Period under the
: Direction of Colonel and Mrs. Cloud ;

By MAJOR ROBERT TILLEY



Mrs. Cloud. Thus they have recognized the only sound basis on which any Salvation Army structure can be erected. Wherever meetings have been held souls have been found at the mercy-seat seeking Salvation or Sanctification, and these to the number of some thousands.

Soldier-making has taken a foremost place in their administration, and the Soldiers' Roll to-day is numerically stronger than at any time in The Army's history in Newfoundland. Following Soldiership has come encouragement in the direction of uniform wearing, and one can scarcely go to any part of the Island to-day without seeing uniformed Salvationists.

The Young People's Work has been given special attention. The fine advance made in the enrolling of Junior Soldiers, and in the securing

and formation into Brigades and Troops of Corps Cadets, Life-Saving Guards and Scouts, is an outcome of close oversight and consistent inspiration.

The highly gratifying advance made in our Training Operations has been made possible by extensive reconstruction. Where previously provision was made for twenty-five Cadets only, adequate accommodation is now provided for fifty Cadets; this number being now in training. This has meant the tapping of hitherto unrecognized resources.

Many thousands of miles have been covered by motor-boat travel by both

Colonel and Mrs. Cloud. The value and blessing associated with their campaigns cannot be over-estimated, not only as far as the public meetings are concerned, but the many, many asides; visits to the sick, words of cheer passed on to the discouraged, and touches of sympathetic understanding will never be forgotten by people who spend a great deal of their time in isolation. Travel risks taken by Army leaders in their visits to Corps throughout the Island by small motor-boats, have been considerably minimized by the acquisition, during the Colonel's stay, of four larger and more up-to-date boats.

Many new and important properties have been secured. The outlay in this respect has been heavy, but the returns fully justified it. This has resulted in the acquisition of new Senior Halls, Young People's Halls, Day School Buildings and Quarters.

The Grace Maternity Hospital, opened during the Colonel's stay, is filling the need for which it was erected. During the past year the second and third floors of this Institution have been completed, and with the addition of a new Laundry, which necessitated the expenditure of \$10,000, this Hospital is now second to none in the country.

The Anchorage, Cook Street, formerly used as a Rescue Home only, has been extensively renovated, new

parts have been added, a new heating system has been installed, and it is now an Institution for Hospital patients; Industrial girls; in addition it has accommodation for twenty-five children and eight rescue cases.

Encouragement has been given to the establishing of Bands, and over 100 new brass instruments have been disposed of in the formation of small Bands at the various Corps.

Last year a Cadets' Band was formed, and this departure resulted, at the commissioning, in five Corps each receiving two Officers with musical ability capable of forming Bands. This year a further Cadets' Band has been formed.

A new scheme has been launched for the erection of a Central Hall which will comprise Territorial Headquarters, Trade Department, Training Garrison, and large Senior and Junior Hall.

The Social Problems of Newfoundland have also received a great deal of consideration. Whenever opportunity has arisen the Colonel has been one of the foremost in suggesting plans for the betterment of the Island.

From a financial standpoint Newfoundland is now self-supporting, and with this happy condition prevailing we believe great advancement will be made in the future.

A RETROSPECTIVE glance over the three years during which we have been privileged to work under the leadership of Colonel and Mrs. Cloud, provides us with much cause for rejoicing, and for gratitude to God. The Salvation Army has made considerable advance in every direction throughout the whole of the Sub-Territory.

The various phases of Army activities to which we are able to here make reference will help to emphasize the truth of the above statement.

The injunction by The Army's Founder, "Go for souls" has ever been the prime motto of Colonel and

GIVEN TO KOREA

CAPTAIN HARRISON COOPER

ORPHANED at an early age, Harrison Cooper's prospects were anything but bright. He was fostered, however, by a kindly-disposed friend of the family under whose benevolent influence he was converted. When fifteen years of age he was a local preacher in the Methodist Church.

It was not by visible contact that he first learned of Army aggression in his own country, but through the far-reaching influence of THE WAR CRY and YOUNG SOLDIER. Earnest perusal of these journals convinced him that he was destined to be a Salvationist. But, like Pilgrim, he found many "lions" obstructing his path. A gentleman, learning of his desire to join The Army, dangled a tempting bait before him. Whilst perfectly innocent in itself, young Cooper knew it was not the God-chosen path. He hesitated, doubted, rebelled—and fell. "And the last state of that man is worse than the first." It was so with Harrison Cooper.

But once again grace interposed. For five nights he attended meetings at the Grand Falls Corps, each succeeding night causing him more acute misery. The sixth night he surrendered and peace flooded his soul.

His sad relapse had taught him one great lesson—that of obedience. Thus when, in the Training Garrison, the Call came for missionary work

he immediately went to his knees. The Call came in the guise of a vision of the Christ, and the words, "If you love me, prove it!" appeared in blazing characters on the wall. For three days and nights he passed through "deep waters," sealing the consecration, which has resulted in his acceptance for the Korean Mission Field, whither he is now on his way.

He pays grateful tribute to those who have been as "lighthouses on the voyage of life"—his Salvation-Sister; Adjutant Bishop, Principal of the Training Garrison; and Commandant Earle. God speed the Captain in his new sphere of activity!

CAPTAIN EARL HARRIS

"GO, GO, GO." The insistent summons startled young Harris as he bent industriously over his lathe in the machine shop. He looked about him, expecting to find someone at his elbow. Not a soul was near. Only one logical conclusion could be drawn. It was the Voice of God. But what did the summons portend? "Go," but go where? He attended a Holiness meeting at Verdun Corps—whither he had been attracted as a lad through the medium of the Life-Saving Scout Movement—and again that urgent three-fold Call—"Go, Go, go."

(Continued on page 11)

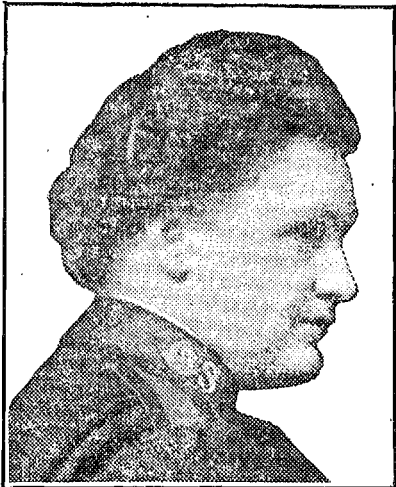
A TORONTO ARTIST'S CONGRESS IMPRESSION



The blessings received during the Congress beggar description, but this is how a Toronto artist depicts the idea of blessing-filled Congress participants journeying home from "The Hill of the Lord" to GIVE. He admits that the depiction is inadequate, but the effort is judged worthy of a place in THE WAR CRY.

OUR HOME FEATURE REDECORATION

When you've had the dull rooms done over
And new curtains grace each pole,
Think how worthy an investment
To redecorate your soul!



A CONGRESS VISITOR.

We used to know her as Mrs. Brigadier Potter, now she is Sister Mrs. Hawkes, of California, and as much a warrior as ever.

These high walls were brown and solemn,
Frowning out each wisp of light,
Now they laugh a burnished yellow,
At the sunbeams' silvery light.
Once this mantel held cracked vases,
Drah, an insult to glad flowers,
Now blue Chinese bowls adorn it,
And a clock that chimes the hours
Faded cotton hid these windows;
Now they smile through lacy frills,
While twin flower boxes glisten
On what once were barren sills.
It would be a simple matter,
Though your soul be dull as mould!
Just a little prayer would turn it
Larkspur blue and marigold!

WARMTH AND INSPIRATION

It is said that upon the tableland of Asia Minor, the women may be seen at dawn of day going out of doors and looking up at their neighbors' chimneys. They look for the

BE STILL AND WAIT

We have all taken a sorrow or a perplexity out into the noontide or the midnight and felt its morbid bitterness drawn out of it, and a great peace descend and fill it from the depth of the majesty under whose arch we stood. . . The sweet and solemn influence which comes to you out of the noontide or the midnight sky does not take away your pain, but it takes out of it its bitterness. It lifts it to a higher peace. It says, "Be still and wait." It gives the reason power and leave and time to work. It gathers the partial into the embrace of the universal.

one out of which the smoke is coming. Thither they go to borrow live coals with which to kindle a fire in their own homes. Thus do men watch our lives. If in our hearts the Holy Ghost has kindled a sacred fire, shall they not come to us for warmth and inspiration?

LAMB AND MACARONI

About 1/2 lb. cold lamb, 3 oz. macaroni, 2 tomatoes, 1 oz. dripping, 1/2 oz. flour, 1/2 pint of stock, 1 small onion, salt and pepper.

Cook macaroni until tender in plenty of fast-boiling salted water. Drain well. Remove all skin from lamb and chop meat coarsely. Melt dripping in a stew-pan, chop the onion finely and fry in a golden brown. Now shake in flour and fry, lastly adding stock, and stirring until it boils. Stock should be made from trimmings of the lamb, to which has been added an onion and a few sprigs of parsley and herbs.

Next stir chopped meat into sauce and see that it is nicely seasoned. Arrange macaroni as a border round an au gratin dish or pie dish. Put meat mixture in the centre and decorate top with the slices of tomato arranged to overlap each other.

Put dish in oven until contents are well heated, and then serve.

FAIRY APPLE PIE

Peel, quarter and core four large northern spy apples. Rub through a sieve, sweeten well and chill. Beat whites of three eggs stiff, add apples, and flavor with nutmeg. Beat well and turn into half-baked pie crust. Finish baking, and serve hot with whipped cream and sugar or plain cream.

GIVEN TO KOREA

(Continued from page 10)

A peculiar uneasiness possessed him. He sought counsel from the Corps Cadet Guardian, who frankly asked him whether he felt called for Army Officership. Then his worst fears materialized. The mystery of the "burning bush" was made plain. The call meant Officership! This was not the career he had contemplated: his ambition was to become a master in the machinist craft. And so he began to make excuses, some of which were justified—and some were not. He was apprenticed by indenture agreement to the machinist trade, which in itself provided justifiable excuse. At a Young People's Council conducted by Commissioner Richards in Montreal, he relied upon God's promises: then an avenue opened and he entered the Training Garrison.

During the Congress of 1921, the realization dawned upon him that the urgent summons which startled him in the machine-shop, implied a still greater obligation than that already incurred. It meant taking up a special cross, abandoning home, friends, associations of a life-time, and pitching his tent under strange skies.

The Call has been heeded and now he is on the Pacific, bound for the "Land of Morning Calm."

BIG BOOM ON ITS WAY

More Increases Rewarded—Montreal I Ousts Riverdale—Congress Visitors Return Ready for Great Triumphs

AND now you're all back home again. Safe and sound, I hope. And with sharper swords or whatever particular agricultural implement it is with which you do your Booming.

Captains and kings have departed. Congress is over. All that remains are pleasant recollections, a fresh determination to win, and a litter of paper at the back of the Arena.

'Twas an AI Congress. What a meeting of Booming warriors there was! I met Lieutenant Mortimer, of Bridgeburg, the new opening that has smashed records; and Ensign Godden, of Orillia, who means to beat the Danforthian Larman to a fried frizzle; and Adjutant Crowe, of Timmins, who has put that fine little town right

On the Booming Map.

And then there was Ensign Ernest Green, of Montreal I—of course!

But now you're all back again. And it's a heart-broken lad I'll be if you don't all keep the wires buzzing with orders, for Increases.

Space (or lack of it) forbids me to run my pen dry this week, but this I can record:—

Montreal I has gone up another 100 putting it at the head of the "Go-Getters." And that's not the end of the tale, unless I'm making a bad guess. I predict that those non-stop Boomers, headed by Sergeant Fisher (whose picture makes this page worth looking at), will put the champions down to second place and cause Montreal I to lead the Territory.

OBSERVER AT THE T. H. Q. WINDOW

"Salvation Army Ball Club"

A newspaper clipping culled from the "Kitchener-Waterloo Record" and received at the Editorial office the other day, refers to a certain apparently never-say-die Base-ball Club as "The Salvation Army Ball Club." Why the writer so terms it is patent from his succeeding paragraph. "If there ever was an organization," he says, "that might be down but never out it's those Cubs." No need to pay for advertising for our good old Army when such good publicity as this appears even in baseball reports.

Is It Possible?

Another clipping received the same week reports a "Black pirate treasure hunt." It seems that a certain key was hidden in a park in Kitchener a few days ago and a prize of twenty-five dollars was offered to the finder. In the event of the key not being turned in by a certain time on a certain day the money was to go to The Salvation Army. And The Army got the twenty-five dollars! Is it possible that the reason for its remaining hidden was that no one wanted to rob The Army of this chance of reaping a good donation?

Who Knows?

"I just take the pen in hand," says another writer living in Parry Sound, in a letter received at T.H.Q., "to write you concerning the Captain here. I stood listening to him in our street, and he came over and spoke kindly to me. Through this I have come back to the dear Old Army once more. I was a Salvationist in 1877, at Hackney, London, England." Another instance of the power of kindness. Probably a soul saved from eternal doom just by a friendly word. And two cases within a week of hearts being so touched by a little act of thoughtfulness that the recipients of the kindness take the trouble to write to T.H.Q. Who

knows but what the personal touch, hand-grip, the smile, the word of sympathy, wins more followers for the sympathising Nazarene than the most telling sermons ever preached!

Eight Yards of Rope Lassoes Forty-seven

Strange indeed, yet strikingly effective, were the novel exploits undertaken by Officers in the hectic early days in their efforts to attract people to their meetings. At Montreal I, the other Friday, Brigadier Myers, of London,—who has forty-eight years of Officership to his credit!—gave a lecture on "Queer people I have met," in which he told how an Officer once ran through a crowded market place with eight yards of clothes-line round his neck. A crowd of excited and curious people were soon pelting after him, and when he found quite a large following of runners on his heels, the enterprising Officer wheeled round and commenced to explain how ropes of sin were bound about men and women who were serving Satan! He hammered eternal truths into his audience to such effect that on the spot forty-seven men and women found Christ and liberation from sin's bonds.

Lonely Hearts Cheered

"We wish to express our appreciation," says the writer of a letter to the Editor, "through the pages of THE WAR CRY to the Hamilton Salvation Army Band. We live in the country on a farm, and my wife is a cripple. We are not Salvationists, but chapel-goers. The Sunday before last we were in Hamilton and were listening to The Army Band playing at an Open-air service, and after the first hymn the man who beats the bass drum came and gave us each a chair to sit on. We went to The Army that night to thank him, and the Band played some dear old hymn tunes I had often heard in Old England. It was good to hear the music. Thank them for us please through your WAR CRY. Wishing the Band at Hamilton and all Salvation Army Bands much success." We

HAMILTON I BAND
AT LIPPINCOTT
Saturday and Sunday, Oct.
30th and 31st.
Musical Festival on
Saturday night.
Brigadier Bramwell Taylor will
preside.

don't suppose the bass drummer thought any more about his simple action but the old couple did! Oh yes, "Kind words"—and deeds—"can never die."

ENSIGN

MANICKAVASAGER

(Continued from page 6)

teachers and two hundred pupils. The Salvation Army school is the only one in which the Bible is taught.

Transferred in 1924 to Territorial Headquarters, the Ensign was appointed Assistant Territorial Y.P. Secretary, having under his jurisdiction 1,500 Corps Cadets, and 1,400 Companies.

Since January last our picturesque visitor has added to his list of accomplishments that of founding and editing a ten-page WAR CRY—"YUDHA SABDAM," printed in the vernacular, which to date has a circulation of over 1,000 copies.

In June he was accorded the signal honor of campaigning with the General in Scandinavia, and with Lieut.-Commissioner Unsworth in Denmark.

Completing the happy family circle are the wife of the Ensign, who is bravely keeping "the home fires burning," and two bonny children.



Sergeant George Fisher,
Montreal I

mistake, for which, many tears.

Meanwhile let me announce the following Increases:—

To you all—many thanks and sincere congratulations. A few more weeks and we'll all be able to shout ourselves hoarse in the face over a Mammoth Territory-wide Triumph. Get down to it, my boys!

—Tommy Bright.



THE CONGRESS MUSICAL FESTIVAL

FIVE THOUSAND PEOPLE THRILLED BY RENDERINGS OF
ARMY'S BEST COMPOSITIONS

THE GREAT MUSIC NIGHT!
That the capacious building holds a crowd of several thousands is testimony to the Pied Piper quality of Army music, and as we await the time of commencement we wonder what some of those old fiddlers and cornetists of the seventies, who laid the foundation of Army music, would think, could they be present to-night. How they would open eyes—and ears. Did they ever dream . . . ?

But here come the gladiators of the occasion—the Bands of Dovercourt (Bandmaster Pearce), Earls-court (Bandmaster Ensign Robertson), Hamilton 1 (Bandmaster Walno), Riverdale (Bandmaster Wood), Toronto Temple (Bandmaster Allighan), and West Toronto (Bandmaster Delamont).

The Bandsmen arrange themselves in little circles down in the centre of the Arena—like flower beds on a huge lawn, and as colorful. Some are in sober blue, others in crimson which strikes a bright note. Red poppies among blue cornflowers! Up on the tiers are the Songster Brigades of Danforth, Dovercourt, Earls-court, East Toronto, Lisgar, Riverdale, Toronto 1, and West Toronto.

As the gardeners are putting the finishing touches to the flower beds, there comes into view the Congress Leader, accompanied by Commissioner and Mrs. Sowton, Commissioner and Mrs. Hodder and the Chief Secretary and Mrs. Henry. The atmosphere is charged with that feeling of expectancy always associated with these big musical events.

As Commissioner Sowton steps forward to lead the great audience in "Arise, my soul, arise," the united Bands, under Staff-Captain Beer, send forth the first long procession of harmonies which are to pass before us during the evening. Colonel Morehen's reminder in his prayer, that "thousands are in the skies to-night singing the 'new song' as a result of The Army's musical ministry" evokes gratitude in the hearts of all musical Salvationists for the glorious privilege which is their's.

Then the first item, a march, "One by One," by the United Bands, is set swinging on its way, and this Colonel Henry follows with a Scripture reading, apt and thought-provoking.

West Toronto is the first solo Band, and reminiscences of the Flint Band's visit are recalled by the item, "American Melodies, 2." Here is a collection of national airs issued strictly for such occasions as the present. These well known melodies always make a popular appeal; very pleasing is the Band's rendition of that tender, appealing air which we in the Army associate with the vocal number "Thoughts about Calvary."

Everyone is pleased that we are to have some massed vocal items, and the United Songster Brigades' sing-

ing, under Adjutant Keith, of "The Yellow, Red and Blue," is an item which wins much appreciation.

Riverdale Band now introduces us to an item of a totally different character from the last selection—a recently issued air varie, "While the days are going by," and this combination makes very good use indeed of the opportunity of presenting this arrangement, the chief interest of which lies in the various garbs in which the familiar song is clothed from time to time rather than in the music itself.

A link with the past is made when Earls-court's Saxophone party renders "Under the Colors," a march which first saw the light nearly twenty years ago. The Earls-court boys evidently delighted the whole house with their novel item.

Hamilton 1, as the only visiting combination, gets a really warm Toronto welcome as it prepares to

were the three chief soloists; but much praise to the Band in general for its skilled treatment of a selection simply full of pitfalls.

Pleasing variety is introduced to us by the vocal solo "He pardoned a rebel like me," which Songster Jessie MacGregor, of Dovercourt, sings with much warm sympathy, and which Bandsman McElhiney aids by his artistic pianistic accompaniment.

In listening to "Immanuel's Praise" by the Temple Band one experiences an abrupt change so far as the character of the music heard during the evening is concerned. This is a selection full of the note of praise and adoration, which, as we were reminded earlier in the evening, is ever ascending from the hearts of Salvationists. The mood of this music is correctly sensed by the Band and presented with vivacious spirit. The cornet solo "I know thou art mine," merits special mention. It was a choice morsel!

Hardly have the echoes died away than the United Songster Brigades are again on their feet giving us "Who is on the Lord's side?" a brass accompaniment to which is provided by a party of Dovercourt Bandsmen, the item winning warm expressions.

The final solo Band item of the evening is "Adoration" by Dovercourt, a selection containing much music of breadth and majesty and in the rendition of which the Band's rich, sonorous and flexible tone and fine instrumental craftsmanship is finely displayed. This masterly presentation of a piece which furnishes some fine brass band climaxes makes a splendid concluding solo number.

Previous to the concluding item, Commissioner Mapp spoke, the burden of his message appearing elsewhere on this page.

Then the final massed item, Handel's "Hallelujah Chorus"—a fitting finale to the public events of a Congress which gives rise to loud paeans of praise!

Mention might well be made here of the helpful service of various Toronto Bands during the week-end: Lisgar Street and West Toronto on Saturday evening, Riverdale and Yorkville on Sunday morning, Danforth and Dovercourt at the Lecture, and Earls-court and the Temple at night.

Some Critical Observations

A Word in the Participants' Ear

By ADJUTANT BRAMWELL COLES

It is easy to hand out bouquets to the participants in the big musical event. Each combination won praise for some particular feature of its rendition, as is already indicated in the general report which precedes this, and it is encouraging and proper to fling wide the flowers. It is just as easy—easier—to expose faults; but one must remember at the same time that self-complacency is the enemy of progress. To close one's eyes to shortcomings is the policy of retrogression, and spells musical death to any musical combination.

Here, then, are a few critical observations of a general character.

First, the building. This is not ideally suitable for music, although, of course, excellent from an accommodation standpoint. But acoustics were never in the mind of the builder. These echoey buildings are unfriendly to music; sound runs amok among the rafters. In movements of a quickly moving nature, where the changing chords follow hard on one another's heels, the harmonies overlap and there is a fight to the death among them. For this reason the stately, slow-moving hymn tunes were the greatest success so far as the massed Band items were concerned.

The united playing, incidentally, apart from the battle of echoes, was not all it might have been. In the march, the dynamics were well watched on the



Staff-Captain Fred Beer
and Adjutant Alfred
Keith



deliver "Princethorpe," a meditation which presents to the Band no light task and makes demands of an exacting character from more standpoints than one. In submitting this item the Band gives us still another aspect of Army music and does it with no little credit.

Now the massed Bands are again preparing for action, and this time we have the three hymn tunes, "Bithynia, Bullinger and Confidence." A commendable introduction is this item; such music on massed brass bands is always a sure heart-reacher, as the acclamation which follows the rendition testifies.

And so to the second part of the program. Earls-court opens this with a very fine interpretation of "The Wanderer," a selection of descriptive character which essays a musical relation of the story of the Prodigal Son. It is very evident from the presentation that the Band has been at pains to master not only the technical side, but the quickly changing moods of the music, in order to truly and intelligently portray the epic story. Particularly pleasing

COMMISSIONER MAPP'S

last public utterance in our
1926 CONGRESS

HERE we are at the very end of the public part of this wonderful Forty-fourth Congress. We have had a remarkably good time. Friday evening witnessed a magnificent beginning. This is an excellent finish, and all between the magnificent beginning and the excellent finish has been extremely gratifying.

It is estimated that we have had in these public gatherings a total attendance of between thirty and thirty-two thousand people. This gratifying result has more than vindicated the ambitious enterprise associated with this Congress.

For this wonderful time, we praise God with all our hearts. We bow humbly before Him and give Him all the glory. Turning to you, I want to thank you for all your help and your graciousness, all your willingness and co-operation, and I congratulate you with all my heart upon the tremendous success which you have had.

We have received help! Inspiration has come to us, and I believe that we are going to utilize that inspiration and blessing. If we do, then tremendous in result as this Congress has been, the Congress of 1927 will be greater than ever.

And now, dear comrades, good-bye. God bless you! We shall meet again; if not in time, then certainly in eternity. And what better conclusion can we have to this splendid program and this excellent Congress than the last item, "The Hallelujah Chorus"?

whole, but the tempo was a shade below the indication, and there was a little uncertainty at the commencement. A was nicely restrained, rhythm well marked, and the tempo constant. B was kept well subdued and the legato figures in baritones and euphoniums stood out in very pleasing manner. One missed the climb up to G; this section was treated dynamically similarly to A, instead of being raised a degree. Some top cornets rather overdid the trumpet touches at D, which was otherwise finely restrained; but the bass drummer had rather a too robust time! More tongue was needed at B by some of the players; and this section sounded too labored. The constancy of the tempo throughout reflected much credit on all.

One questioned, however, the choice of this march. It would have been good to have had, an up-to-date number, such as "On to the War," a piece probably never yet heard by many of the Bandsmen and others who had gathered from many outside Corps. And it would have

We'll All Shout 'HALLELUJAH!'



proved more effective for massed playing!

The hymns were splendidly rendered. With the temptations which are the concomitants of music of a bravura type absent, the men were more self-possessed in handling this item. There were some well managed swells here. But why does precision suffer in slow movements? The sameness of the tempi of the three tunes was inclined to irritate the ear. If the first hymn had been up to its usual tempo, this would have helped matters.

The "Hallelujah" Chorus lacked clarity, partly owing to the poor acoustics and partly owing to the ragged edges on the playing. This masterpiece was, however, well controlled throughout, and this is again a matter for congratulation.

Regarding the solo Band playing; to go into anything like minute detail is impossible owing to the poor acoustic properties of the place. The sound came over to the press box without its sharp outline—a somewhat blurred picture. Only in the subdued and slower passages could one catch it absolutely in clear-cut contour.

But sufficient was heard to show that the quality of the performances was very varied. There was some really inspired playing, and some playing to which the adjective could not apply. I thought the general level was above that of last year. But some of these Bands have some distance to travel yet!

As we have indicated in the report, there were some really good soloists who gave us a taste of fine instrumental craftsmanship, and some Band playing of a most excellent character.

But there was much faulty phrasing in the playing of some of the combinations, sometimes even words were broken!

That Bogey—Tuning

Then there was that bogey—tuning. Of course, with such an artificially constructed instrument of sound as the valve brass instrument, tuning can never be absolutely dead true. There has to be some "give and take" among the valve slides to accommodate a scale which is not consistent in its various degrees.

And this is not remedied even by the compensating piston idea, for the D of these instruments is a terror to get closely tuned. I know how only last year at the big Army event at the Crystal Palace, in London, the euphonium player of one of our world-famed Bands, playing on such an instrument, was untuned on this note every time he hit it.

But short-comings are generally so cleverly concealed by instrument makers that tuning is close enough for any such faultiness to remain undetected by the ordinary ear, and skilled players with good "ears" can, and do, help matters by lip manipulation, which should become an almost unconscious process with a good musician.

There was, however, untunefulness of very marked character in one or two of the Bands, which had no excuse to plead its cause.

The Metronome

Then the tempi. There were many instances of Bands not adhering to the metronomic indications. Strangely enough, it was in one of the best performances of the evening that we were served with a tempo somewhere in the seventies instead of being one hundred and twenty-six! I can assure you that the matter of tempi receives very careful attention at the Music Editorial before a Full Score is sent to the press!

As far as the singing is concerned, the general effect, as has been indicated, was pleasing to the audience. There were faults, however, which, if attended to, would raise the standard to a much higher plane.

First, the old failing of indistinct enunciation. There was the tendency to drag the final consonant of one word on to the initial vowel of a succeeding one ("May dus free" for "Made us free," in verse two of "Who is on the Lord's side?" is an illustration). This particular crime is continually appearing on the Songsters' indictment, but the criminals seem to have become hardened. But distinct enunciation will never come until singers realize they must not sacrifice sense on the altar of go-easy slovenliness.

It is a failing which cannot be remedied in one practice, and cannot, therefore, be placed at the door of the leader. It has become a habit and must be steadfastly fought against until it is conquered. If the Brigades had sung separately, one would probably have discovered that the fault lay only with particular Brigades and particular singers. In singing one can afford to be pedantic with one's enunciation and pronunciation.

A Top Heavy Choral Group

The "Yellow, Red and Blue," opened with momentary hesitation, and the tempo was on the slow side; but the mf was well observed. A well-graded swell in line three. The balance of the Brigade was faulty. It was top heavy. The altos and tenors, and in lesser degree, the basses, were too weak for balance. Probably the altos could have been in a more central position. On the second verse the Brigade seemed to rouse itself more, but still sang with a lack of that martial touch the piece demands. The third line of the chorus was well rendered each time; the singers rising to this cadence very well; if only they had put this virile quality into the whole of the song!

"Who is on the Lord's side?" was taken below tempo and thus the piece rather lost its true character. The singers were not singing as though they really meant it. And the phrasing! Phrases should accord with the sense of

the words. Many, however, sang "Who will be His helpers, other—lives to bring?" The weakness of the lower parts was very evident here. At the close of the chorus some of the singers made a break after "Saviour" instead of before this word.

More nervous fire was needed in this piece, and an adherence to the indicated tempo would have helped in this. The drop at the end of the chorus should not be treated literally. It might suit a particular set of verses, but not these. Used for this song, it furnished a very weak finish and contradicted the sense. This final declamation should be the most forceful of all. Purpose and sincerity should ring through it. Instead we get a note of unreality which is unconvincing. In cases like this the sense of the words must govern the interpretation of the music.

Some real earnest practising is needed by our Songsters. It was apparent that there were some good voices among the group; but also very many which need a good deal of training. Careless singing will get nowhere; only by consistent hard work can effective vocal music be produced. But it is worth it, and our Army service demands it.

It was very wise to choose these simple pieces for this occasion; but we look forward to the time when a massed combination will be able to give us some more advanced numbers, containing more independent part writing.

Speaking of the program itself, it was well varied on the whole; but the Great Masters would not have felt flattered with their place on the program. Not a piece among the solo Bands! Where was "Gems from Mozart?" or Beethoven's "Mount of Olives"—the latest gem? And it would have been a good thing to have heard on the massed brass "And the glory," or "Be not afraid" from "Elijah," or "Worthy is the Lamb" from the "Messiah," or some other of the grand Oratorio Choruses which we now have; in place of the oft-heard "Hallelujah," and thus have afforded many visiting Bandmasters and Bandsmen an enlightening glimpse of some material with which they are probably unacquainted.

A Final Word

But could not these Festivals have some more original touches? We are in danger of getting into ruts. There are avenues of ideas which have not yet been explored. We ought to be able to enthuse an audience more!

A final word about the Bands. Excellent as much of the playing at this event was, very many of our Canada East Bands have much climbing before them if they are to achieve! Such united Festivals as the one under review, where there is keen, friendly rivalry, are an invaluable stimulus to progressive effort. This is, in great measure, one of the secrets of the wonderful advances made by our Bands across the water. But their friendly clashes-of-arms are not once-a-year occurrences: there is always something of the kind in view. A challenge is always a spur!

There are great possibilities lying dormant. We have a wealth of talent about us, instrumental and vocal. Let us seek to use and develop it to the utmost of our power and thus make more effective than ever this powerful ally in the Cause of Righteousness.

A GREAT SUNDAY

(Continued from page 5)

admirable. At times the enthusiasm was boiling over in its fervor, then



Staff-Captain Frank Taylor, Private Secretary to Commissioner Mapp, and a son of Colonel Josiah Taylor (R), a well-known Army veteran. The Staff-Captain is accompanying the Commissioner on his trans-continental tour.

subdued earnestness seemed to make itself felt till the sight of further penitents making for the mercy-seat provoked shouts of praise. More than one man literally jumped for joy. And all the glory was rightly given to God.

After Colonel Adby's turn, Colonel Morehen, and then Major McElhiney took the rail, and each did his utmost in routing the enemy. The long line of kneeling seekers at the mercy-seat was sometimes doubled, and before Commissioner Sowton brought the soul-stirring spectacle to a close with the Benediction, no fewer than 126 seekers were registered. A day of days was thus crowned with signal blessing. Hallelujah!—R. P.

SHOW YOUR FRIENDS THIS ISSUE.

THE EVOLUTION OF THE SALVATION ARMY

(Continued from page 9)

another change, and this time we survey a picturesque presentation of an African settlement. A horrible nondescript image stands immediately before me. And men worship that! I shiver. Will this monstrosity have any effect upon the newspaper re-

To lilting music the girls give a pretty and graceful drill. And the wanderer marvels that God could so change the outcast and unwanted into beings of such beauty. Yes, they are worth saving, and as they continue to manoeuvre in the shimmer of



Our International Secretary replying to Mayor Foster's greetings

ports? It is perilously near the press table. Happily something diverts attention before anyone goes into hysterics, for suddenly a crowd of raving, prancing, screeching blackskins dash into the foreground. As they flourish their javelins and spears, and bellow in unearthly, fiendish glee, the audience laugh themselves hoarse.

A sick girl is drawn in on a peculiar tree conveyance, and a witch doctor practices his craft upon her. With his magic wand he draws indescribable somethings in the air; he goes through all sorts of serpentine contortions—but in vain. The Salvation Army Field Hospital and Dispensary arrives; the Masai Chief shakes hands with the newcomers, and does it in such hearty fashion that they think an earthquake has struck them. The whites bring relief to the sick, and then tell the story of Jesus and His love. The Chief and some of his men soon yield to the Gospel appeal.

The natives are also introduced to the luxuries of teeth extraction and mustard plasters, these asides evoking outbursts of laughter all over the house.

A period of time is supposed to have elapsed, and now a Troop of dusky-skinned Scouts—children of the converted natives—treat us to a stunting exhibition. Leaping, vaulting, hand-

springing, aeroplaning, they display considerable skill in their art; the item is fittingly capped by a pair of diminutive chappies tumbling through a hoop. Folks greet this with a tingling clap.

We come to the last missionary scene—China, this time. A bronzed Buddha, surrounded by flickering candles, occupies the centre of the stage. Famishing beggars kneel and make mysterious genuflections to their god. Their worshipping is interrupted by a Salvation Army march, and a street meeting is held. On either side are kitchens where hungry men and women rush pell mell after soup and porridge. The picture is pathetic, and very real.

Then pathos surrenders to gladness as Chinese girls, holding aloft illuminated lanterns, file in. Again all lights are out except the calciums.

green light this pilgrim comes to the Great Divide.

And now the grand finale—the most wondrous of any facet in the "spectacular gem." Every scene that has gone before is re-assembled; every participant joins in this. Representatives of all nations march in. The scene presents a riot of color, a galaxy of life. Patches of Indian khaki, pools of Javanese blue, spots of pink, green and yellow all combine to relieve a human mass made impersonal by its size.

In the twinkling of an eye the auditorium is in pitch darkness, when the dazzling rays of the limelights break through the gloom and reveal a lowering Cross. Significantly, it rests upon the support that previously held the image of Buddha. A likeness of Christ appears upon the Cross. The assembly is hushed. One can hear the deep breathing of many people. The adoring host kneel and sing—

"My body, soul, and spirit, Jesus, I give to Thee.

A consecrated offering, Thine evermore to be."

In a flash the Cross is illuminated by a fringe of lights; four cherubs enter with the announcement, "The Lord God Omnipotent Reigneth." Spectators and performers unite in singing a psalm of praise to Jehovah. The house of entertainment is transformed to an altar, and thousands gladly bow in the Holy Presence as the Benediction is pronounced.

The multitude go their way—all better for having witnessed the pageant. The wanderer crosses the Divide and returns Home—to wander no more—mastered by the Man of Nazareth.

* * *

It is only just to state that in the background of this smoothly-moving pageant was the brain, scheming, and tact of Staff-Captain Spooner. Another achievement has been added to his steadily increasing quiver of triumphs. In Adjutant Porter he had an able and ready second, and without the Adjutant's practical knowledge in lighting effects, etc., the portrayal might have lacked much of its glory. Then, too, what could any man accomplish without the close co-operation of his fellowmen? So to the other 1,000 comrades in the pageant personnel we say, "Thanks much."

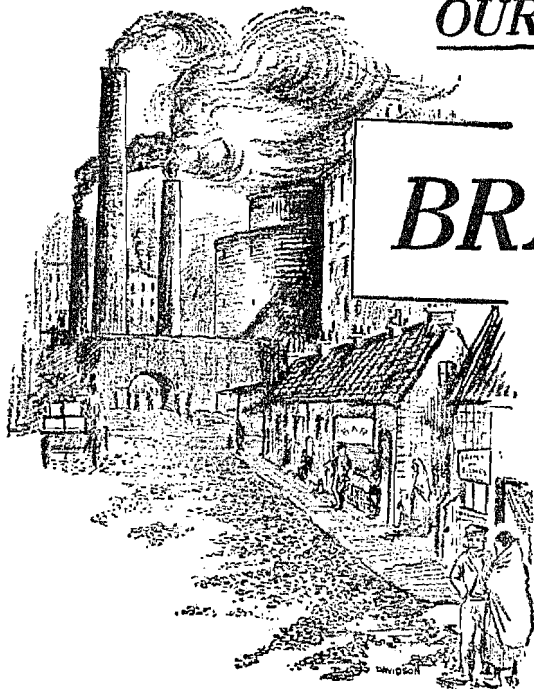
Two souls have been converted at Essex recently, and two backsliders restored. We had abundant evidence of God's goodness at our Harvest Festival and the meetings throughout the day brought great blessing, says Corres. Mrs. A. Burton.

OUR SERIAL

A LANCASHIRE STORY ABOUNDING WITH INTEREST

BRADFORD O' COBBLESTON

By Lieut.-Colonel William Nicholson



CHAPTER XI

Bob Briskett, Carrier

Outside "The Danger Signal" stood the only regular bi-weekly means of communication between Runtun Croft and Fiddler's Green. The quadruped in the shafts was a curiosity of thoughtful mien and problematical age. No one professed to know how many years it had been on the road. A local jester gave it out that its recollections dated from the Flood.

It possessed an india-rubber-like tail, absolutely devoid of hair, which flicked rapidly to and fro like a new system of semaphore signalling. This was at this moment the only sign of life, much less animation, manifested by it.

It was braced up tight, as though to save it from falling. "Bonypart," as the creature was called owing to its fine framework, was in a pensive mood. Evidently his outlook on life was pessimistic. "Bony," as the local abbreviation had it, was hitched to an ancient vehicle which was in certain respects as odd-looking as the horse. Its history was writ from shaft to tail-board in splashes of road-mud of varied consistency, so much so that it was impossible to decide the original color of the paint with which the vehicle had been coated.

A Picture in Words

The owner of this dilapidated-looking equipage was one Bob Briskett, who appeared specially designed for its proprietorship. Big of bone, slow of walk and speech, crowned with a green, broad-brimmed hat whose original color was black and beneath which was a sun-tanned and roughly bearded face, the carrier was clothed in a faded, black coat, rusty corduroys, and wore a pair of mud-caked boots, heavy and commodious. Such was Bob Briskett, the carrier. In one abnormal hand he carried a whip, the other held the nosebag.

The average bi-weekly journey would be better termed a perambulation, for, unlike time and tide, Bob made it his business to wait for everything and everybody.

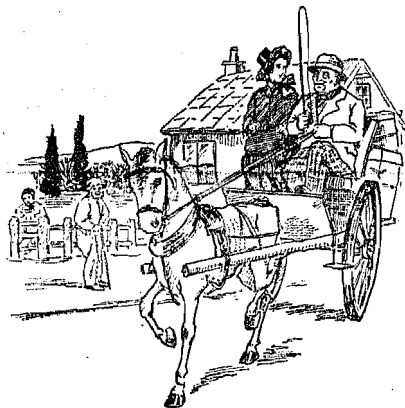
On this occasion he was in a good humor; moreover, there was an air of restrained importance about him, by no means usual. Old travelers from the Croft to the Green, or vice versa, knew that when Bob tried to sing, great things were in the air. And on this occasion Bob was making a chortling effort. "Low humming as he paced along," not, it is true, "some ancient Border gathering song," but a widely known Army chorus with which irreverent street boys were once wont to associate a jumbled theology in which neck-wear and heaven were conspicuous.

To hear Bob Briskett humming unmusically in the ears of "Bony," while he fixed his nosebag, words in

which "Oh, you must," and "or you won't," were unmistakable, certainly betokened something unusual. Even "Bony" seemed to come out of his supercilious reverie and smile behind his blinkers. But that may have been in order to investigate the contents of the nosebag.

Bob Briskett always made a point of feeding his horse before he fed himself, and the cruel jests concerning starvation and "butter-tubs" were entirely undeserved. If "Bony's" ribs would protrude like so many iron bands, well, it certainly was aggravating, but it was not for want of proper sustenance.

Before departing to partake of his frugal fare, Bob stood, with his hat now on the back of his head, looking hard at a piece of soiled note-paper on which was inscribed



The Carrier was a Proud Man

some strange-looking hieroglyphics.

"Two parcels fur Mister Hoppitt, one ditto fur Tom Kitt. Call at Refton's; arst how Mister Jobber is, as usual, an' find out whether Sall Frett's gran'child's come—NOT as usual."

Here Bob paused while he brought out and adjusted a pair of spectacles in order to investigate an almost undecipherable scrawl. Light came at last:—

"Take note to Farmer Burrman. Order two stuns from Green's. Fetch bag from 82. Meet the 4.10 for two tin trunks an' a new Captain for Fiddler's."

Here Bob's weather beaten face broadened into a smile.

"Things Be Looking Up"

"Things be lookin' up at Fiddler's. First Salvationer goes—an' a good, wholesome, God-fearin' lad wot that Lieutenant, as Mister Hoppitt said—second Salvationer comes. An' a Captain this time. I wonder what like fellow he'll be. Now for a bite an' a sup." So saying he departed.

When the 4.10 train arrived, twelve minutes late, Bob Briskett looked in vain for the "fellow" of his imagination.

"Anything for Fiddler's Jim?" he enquired of the guard.

"Yes, two tin trunks. Here you are. Lend a hand."

"You're a better scholar than me, Jim. What's the new fellow's name?"

"Name and title as follow," replied the genial Jim. "Captain Maria Jane Bradford."

"Why, they're sendin' a gal to Fiddler's! Well, who'd a thought

it?"

Before Bob could recover from his surprise, a kind voice behind him said, "Excuse me, Sir, but I reckon you're Mister Briskett, t' Fiddler's Green carrier?"

The New Captain

Turning, Bob saw the new Captain, and the gentlemanly instinct which lay under his gruff exterior was manifested at once. Lifting his old green hat from his head and holding out his great hand, he answered with a sunny smile:

"That's me, Capt'n, an' I'm pleased to be the first to shake hands with you. There'll be surprise at Fiddler's Green when they find you're a gal."

"Why?" enquired the Captain, laughing.

"You see, they're expectin' a young man"; and catching his questioner's merry spirit, he chuckled with pleasure in his own grim way.

"Seein' as you've a while to wait, if you'd not mind, I'd like to introduce you to my sister at No. 80, round the corner. An' I'm sure you'll like a cup o' tea after your long journey."

So saying, Bob Briskett, who had now brightened up considerably, walked the Captain off to the tune he had hummed while adjusting the nosebag.

It was with an important air that the carrier drove his old cavalcade from Runtun Croft to Fiddler's Green that afternoon.

Occupying the seat of honor at his side was our old friend, Maria Jane, henceforth Captain Bradford, who, two years previously, had entered

the Work in response to a definite Call which dated from the night when Rachel Ann, her sister, was rejected on the ground of ill-health.

Though the same in many respects, her Training Garrison and Field experiences had made their impress for good upon her.

Captain Bradford had learned how to ask questions, and she plied this art during the journey, while Bob Briskett proved himself to be a veritable encyclopedia. It was dark when the Captain alighted outside her cottage Quarters, before which a village matron stood, lamp in hand.

"Be you the new Captain?" she enquired, hesitatingly.

"I be, mother," answered the Captain responding smilingly in the local dialect.

So saying, she put her arms round the neck of the good woman, thereby endangering the lamp.

"She Be a Good Un"

"She be a good un. Her'll do," said Bob Briskett under his breath to the woman, as he deposited the tin trunk on the floor. "You should have heard the way she talked to Sarah an' me about religion."

The new Captain was soon the talk of Fiddler's Green, which was inevitable, and is not saying much!

"Give me some seal of Thy favor, Lord," pleaded the Captain before she went to her first Sunday evening meeting. That very night the prayer was answered, for before the Captain had concluded her address, a man came stamping down the aisle to the mercy-seat. And that man was Bob Briskett, the carrier.

BATTLE DESPATCHES

"I WAS THERE"

SIMCOE

Captain and Mrs. Everitt

The Young People's Workers were much in evidence on Rally Sunday. In the afternoon a special program was rendered by the young people. An interesting feature was the presentation of a Long Service Badge to Honorary Sergt.-Major Mason, who has completed thirty years' unbroken service in Simcoe Corps. The Sergeant-Major is over seventy years of age, but still takes a Company. (God bless the Sergeant-Major! Ed.) All who attended the Rally Day meetings received a pendant, with the words "I was there," inscribed upon it.

SUDBURY

Ensign Greatrix, Captain Parsons, Lieutenant Haines

The week-end of September 25th, our Harvest Festival services were held, commencing with a bake-sale on Saturday afternoon. Fruit, vegetables, and dry goods, were generously donated. On Monday night the children did well in the Harvest program presented, and in the sale of produce that followed. Mr. T. Bartlett proved an adept at auctioneering. On Tuesday a "Story meeting" was held, each comrade relating the story of his or her conversion. This was the means of two backsliders coming "home." During the Rally week-end our Juniors did well. On Sunday afternoon a large crowd came to our Hall to see "The mysterious basket"—the title of the service. On Monday the Young People pleased a large audience with dialogues, recitations and singing.

FAIRBANK

Captain J. Clarke, Lieut. A. Clarke

We praise God for a victorious week-end. In the Holiness meeting the melting influence of the Holy Spirit was shed abroad and resulted in the consecration of one life to God. In the night meeting God's Voice was again heard and we rejoiced over twelve seekers. In a joyous wind-up, several comrades danced for joy. Our Band, although small, renders one hundred per cent service.

TEN SEEKERS

MOUNT DENNIS

Captain and Mrs. Calvert

Major Lewis and Ensign Poag specialised here on Sunday, Oct. 3rd, and a very blessed time was experienced. A nice crowd gathered for the Holiness meeting in the morning, when the Ensign delivered a helpful message, and we had the joy of seeing seven seekers kneel at the mercy-seat; six for Sanctification and one, a drunkard, for Salvation. In the afternoon Ensign Poag spoke to the children of the Company Meeting. This was Rally Day, and a goodly number of the children and adults were present. At night we had a capacity audience for the Salvation meeting. The Major delivered a soul-stirring address, and again we rejoiced over the surrender of three sinners, making a total of ten for the Sunday. Praise God!

THE EDITOR IN OTTAWA

The inspiration imparted by Brigadier Bramwell Taylor's visit to Ottawa last week-end will have a most helpful influence on the coming Fall and Winter Campaign.

The Holiness meeting was held in No. 1 Citadel. It was the kind of a meeting the atmosphere of which seems to envelop everybody, gathering up any wandering, roaming thoughts, and uniting every heart and mind in holy concentration on the sacred purpose of the meeting.

The Brigadier referred to the seven Cadets from the Ottawa Division, who recently reported in Toronto, and particularly to the three from Ottawa I. A word of cheer was passed on to the orphaned Troop of Guards, who had not quite recovered from the painful parting with their beloved Guard Leader, now a Cadet in Toronto.

Our visitor's message did not fail to reach the heart, bringing blessing and strength with it. One soul surrendered.

Ottawa No. II comrades and friends rallied up in good force in the afternoon and a very enjoyable Harvest Thanksgiving praise meeting was held. Members of Ottawa II's bonny Troop of Life-Saving Guards, with their enthusiastic Leader, Adjutant Aldridge, were present (Continued on page 15)

We are looking for you

The Salvation Army will search for missing persons in any part of the globe, befriend, and as far as possible, assist anyone in difficulty. Address Colonel W. Morehen, James and Albert Streets, Toronto 2, marking "Enquiry" on the envelope.

One dollar should, where possible, be sent with each enquiry, to help defray expenses.

COTTRELL, Henry—Age 63 years, height 6 ft. 2 in., sandy hair, blue eyes, fair complexion, native of England. His daughter is very anxious to hear from him. 16248

OLSEN, Thorvald Johan—Medium height, fair hair, blue eyes, native of Norway. He is married. When last heard of was living at Three Rivers, Quebec. Was working at a paper mill. Should this meet the eye, kindly communicate, as brother is anxious for news. 16249

WELSH, James—Single, height 5 ft. 8 in., fair complexion. He is Scotch; was last heard of to be in Canada. Any news will be gratefully received. 16251

KERR, David—Married. Age 44 years, height 5 ft. 7 in., medium hair, blue eyes, fair complexion, Scotch. Has been missing since June, 1926. He is a laborer. Anyone knowing his whereabouts, will you please communicate. 16252

CHRISTENSEN, Heinrich (Henry)—Born October 24th, 1894, at Holm, near Toender, Denmark, discharged in Montreal in June, 1922, from S.S. "Canadian Victor." Father very anxious to locate son. Danish Consulate-General, Montreal, will be glad of any information. 16273

JEBSEN, Henry—Born in Jutland, Denmark, September 17th, 1891; farmer. Emigrated to U.S.A. February, 1913; left there for Canada 1922. Mother very anxious to learn his whereabouts. Any news will be gratefully received. 16274

GOODWIN, William—Age 70 years, was in second-hand furniture business. Left England many years ago, settling in Canada. Please communicate. Brother-in-law in London, Eng., enquires. 16274

REUT, Johan Karl—Father's name Alexander. He is 60 years of age; has two children married. One son Evalt, one daughter Eva. He was working as a mechanic on the ships. His sister is very anxious for news. 16277

FISHLOCK, William H.—Age 38 years, 5 ft. 7 in. in height, dark blue eyes, fair complexion, birthplace Bristol. Occupation, gold beater. When last heard of his address was General Delivery, Port Hope, Ontario. Any news will be gratefully received. 16288

CARTER, James—Age 31 years, tall. Settled in Canada, about 21 years ago. His last address was Toronto, Ontario. Should this meet the eye, brother in England enquires. 16294

PERRY, Herbert—Age 62 years, height 5 ft., dark eyes, brown hair, clear complexion; is a thinsmith by occupation. Last heard of in 1907. Family anxious for news. 16296

CAMPBELL, Austin—Last heard from in 1916, when he returned to Canada from Manchester, England. Please communicate with mother or with uncle, Rev. Robert Wm. Campbell, South Egremont, Mass., U.S.A. 16298

"THEIR WORKS DO FOLLOW THEM"

When preparing your Will please remember the great needs of The Salvation Army, and so enable its beneficent Mission of Mercy to continue when you have passed away.

FORM OF WILL AND BEQUEST.
"I GIVE, DEVISE AND BEQUEATH unto the Governing Council of The Salvation Army, Canada East Territory, the sum of \$ (or my property known as No. in the City or Town of) to be used and applied by them at their discretion for the general purpose of The Salvation Army in the said Territory."

OR
"I bequeath to General William Bramwell Booth, or other the General for the time being of The Salvation Army, the sum of \$ to be used and applied by him at his discretion for the general purposes of the work of The Salvation Army in foreign lands, the receipt of the said William Bramwell Booth, or other the General for the time being aforesaid, to be sufficient discharge by my Trustees for the said sum."

If the Testator desires the fund or the proceeds of sale of property used in certain work, then add the following clause: "For use in (Rescue or other) work carried on by The Salvation Army."

For further information, apply to
COMMISSIONER SOWTON,
20 Albert Street,
Toronto.

THE SALVATION ARMY TRADE DEPARTMENT

WINTER HATS

We have just received our first shipment of Felt and Velour Hats for the coming Winter, and never before have we been in a position to sell better women's hats. They combine comfort and durability with good appearance, and we feel sure that this year our Sister comrades will be pleased with this Winter hat.

Note.—There is no increase in price.

Velour, \$5.75; Felt, \$4.50. Plus postage.

MEN'S CAPS

Our Mn's Caps are better than ever, and constantly we receive word that these caps give greater satisfaction than any previously turned out. When you get your cap from the Trade Department, you get a genuine Salvation Army cap which meets the regulations in every respect. Remember also that our price includes crest and band, and is a price that cannot be beaten.

TO BANDSMEN

We have a good stock of instrumental quartettes, etc., suitable for items at Musical Festivals. These quartettes are new and original, and will not fail to please an audience.

Instrumental Album No. 1. Quartettes for two Cornets, Horn and Euphonium 65c.
Instrumental Album No. 4. Quartettes for two Cornets, Horn and Euphonium 65c.
Instrumental Album No. 5. Trios, quartettes, and quintettes for Trombones and also Cornets and Trombones \$1.75

Postage 7c. extra.

A PROBLEM SOLVED FOR Y.P. WORKERS

Why worry about pieces for the young folk to sing? In "Songs for Young People," Album No. 4, there is a splendid selection of songs, with music, suitable for all occasions. No enterprising Young People's Corps should be without these.

Price 30c. Plus 5c. postage.

NOTE.—Address all orders and enquiries to:

The Trade Secretary
20 ALBERT STREET, TORONTO 2, ONTARIO

Please communicate with Lieut.-Colonel DesBrisay, Salvation Army, James and Albert Streets, Toronto (2), regarding the undermentioned persons. One dollar should, where possible, be sent with each enquiry, to help defray expenses.

BAXTER, Mrs. Ida Gustava—Maiden name Ida Gustava Baastad. Left Belfast, Ireland, about 20 months ago for Canada. Enquirer anxious to hear from her.

McKENZIE, Rebecca—Age 16 years. Last seen in Hamilton, Ont. When she left her home she wore a scarlet middie and white flannel skirt, brown coat and black shoes. Anxious parent enquiring.

FARRELL, Mary Ann—Last heard of in St. John's, Newfoundland. Sister Maggie Farrell enquiring.

KEENS, Mrs. William Edward. Maiden name Ruth Sturgess—May go by name of Mrs. Hawkins. Age 39. Brown hair, bluish grey eyes, English birth. Missing since 1916. Last known address, Fairmount, Montreal. Parent in England anxious to hear from her.

LITTE, Kate—At one time a Captain in the S.A. Was stationed at Tottenham, S.I. Thought to have married a Mr. E. P. Manee, farmer of Tottenham. Supposed to have come to Canada. Sister enquiring.

BUTLER, Mary—When last heard of was residing in Toronto. Age 21; height 5 ft. 7 in.; auburn hair; blue eyes; fair complexion. Domestic servant. Mother in England enquires.

CARRUTHERS, Nellie—Height 5 ft. 5 in. Brown hair, fair complexion. Last heard of in Windsor, Ont. Friends enquiring.

WEBSTER, Florence—Last heard of in Montreal. Brother in Campden, Ont., enquiring.

(Continued from page 14)
and sang one of their delightful songs. The Band and Songsters also made enjoyable contributions of music and song. The Brigadier's mention of the Corps' splendid representative in this session of Cadets was received with great enthusiasm.

No. III was the scene of the evening meeting, and a regular old-fashioned Salvation battle for souls it resolved itself into. Mrs. Staff-Captain Best's solo fitted in very effectively with the Brigadier's stirring message. God gave him great liberty. The Prayer meeting that followed was well-fought, demonstrating to our visitor that Ottawa III comrades know how to fight in a Prayer meeting. Six volunteers to the mercy-seat was the visible result that gladdened every heart.

Brigadier Taylor met the city Bandsmen at tea on Monday evening prior to the United Musical Festival at the No. I Citadel. The Brigadier knows how to talk to Bandsmen!

Only an experienced writer of musical columns could do justice to the exceptionally delightful program provided by the united musical combinations of the city Corps on Monday night. The Editor is well used to Musical Festivals, but I do not think he ever enjoyed one more thoroughly than he did this one. Ottawa Salvationists and friends are proud of their Bands and Songster Brigades, and rightly so. From beginning to end the program was alive with interest and inspiration. The characteristic contributions of the inimitable Commandant Urquhart formed not the least enjoyable items of a thoroughly enjoyable program. The Brigadier's comments, as the chairman of the evening, were very heartily enjoyed. The meeting was fittingly concluded by the united Bands rendering "Abide with me," under the Brigadier's baton, the congregation joining in the singing of the verses afterwards.—G.B.

Coming Events Commissioner SOWTON

Halifax I—Sat., Oct. 23rd (United Soldiers' Meeting).
Halifax II—Sun., Oct. 24th (morning).

Halifax—Sun., Oct. 24th, (Majestic Theatre), 3 p.m., Lecture; 7 p.m., Salvation Meeting.

Halifax I—Mon.-Tues., Oct. 25-26th (Officers' Councils).

Saint John I—Thurs., Oct. 28th (Young People's Councils).

Saint John—Fri., Oct. 29th (Graduation of Nurses).

Montreal I—Sun., Oct. 31st.

Ottawa I—Mon., Nov. 1st (United Meeting).

Colonel Adby will accompany to all places.

THE CHIEF SECRETARY (Colonel Henry)

Halifax I—Sat., Oct. 23rd (United Soldiers' Meeting).

Dartmouth—Sun., Oct. 24th (morning).

Halifax—Sun., Oct. 24th (afternoon and evening).

Halifax I—Mon.-Tues., Oct. 25-26th (Officers' Councils).

Moncton—Wed., Oct. 27th.

Dovercourt—Tues., Nov. 2nd.

Oshawa—Sat.-Sun., Nov. 6-7th.

COLONEL ADBY: *Sydney, Thurs., Oct. 21st; *Halifax Congress, Sat., Oct. 23rd, to Tues., Oct. 26th; Amherst, Wed., Oct. 27th; *Saint John I, Thurs., Oct. 28th (Young People's Day); Saint John, Fri., Oct. 29th; Montreal I, Sun., Oct. 31st; Ottawa, Mon., Nov. 1st.

*Staff-Captain Spooner will accompany.

COLONEL JACOBS: Windsor I, Fri.-Mon., Oct. 22-25th.

COLONEL AND MRS. MOREHEN: Ottawa I, Oct. 23-24th.

LIEUT.-COLONEL PERRY: Mount Dennis, Sat.-Mon., Nov. 6-8th.

BRIGADIER BLOSS: Whitby, Sun., Oct. 24th; Yorkville, Fri., Oct. 29th; Cobourg, Sat.-Sun., Oct. 30-31st.

BRIGADIER BURROWS: Fairbank, Sun., Oct. 24th.

BRIGADIER TAYLOR: Halifax (Eastern Congress), Oct. 23-26th.

MAJOR BRISTOW: Windsor, Fri., Oct. 22nd; Wallaceburg, Sat.-Sun., Oct. 23-24th; Dresden, Mon., Oct. 25th; Windsor I, Fri., Oct. 29th; Kingsville, Sun., Oct. 31st.

MAJOR AND MRS. KENDALL: London II, Sat., Oct. 16th, to Mon., Oct. 25th.

MAJOR MACDONALD: *Montreal VIII, Thurs., Oct. 21st; *Verdun, Mon., Oct. 25th; Montreal II, Fri., Oct. 29th (United); *Montreal I, Sun., Oct. 31st. *Mrs. Macdonald will accompany.

STAFF-CAPTAIN OWEN: Sydney, Thurs., Oct. 21st; Halifax Congress, Sat., Oct. 23rd, to Tues., Oct. 26th.

STAFF-CAPTAIN SPOONER: Truro, Wed., Oct. 27th; Saint John III, Fri., Oct. 29th; Moncton, Sat.-Sun., Oct. 30-31st; Charlottetown, Mon., Nov. 1st; Summerside, Tues., Nov. 2nd.

STAFF-CAPTAIN WRIGHT: Prescott, Sat.-Sun., Oct. 23-24th; Cornwall, Mon., Oct. 25th; Montreal II, Fri., Oct. 29th (United); Kingston, Sat.-Sun., Oct. 30-31st.

OCEAN TRAVEL

Officers, Soldiers and friends of The Salvation Army intending to go to Europe, will find it distinctly to their advantage to book passage with The Salvation Army Immigration Department.

Bookings from the British Isles can also be arranged.

Address your communication to:—

The Resident Secretary,

341 University St., Montreal,

or to THE SECRETARY, at

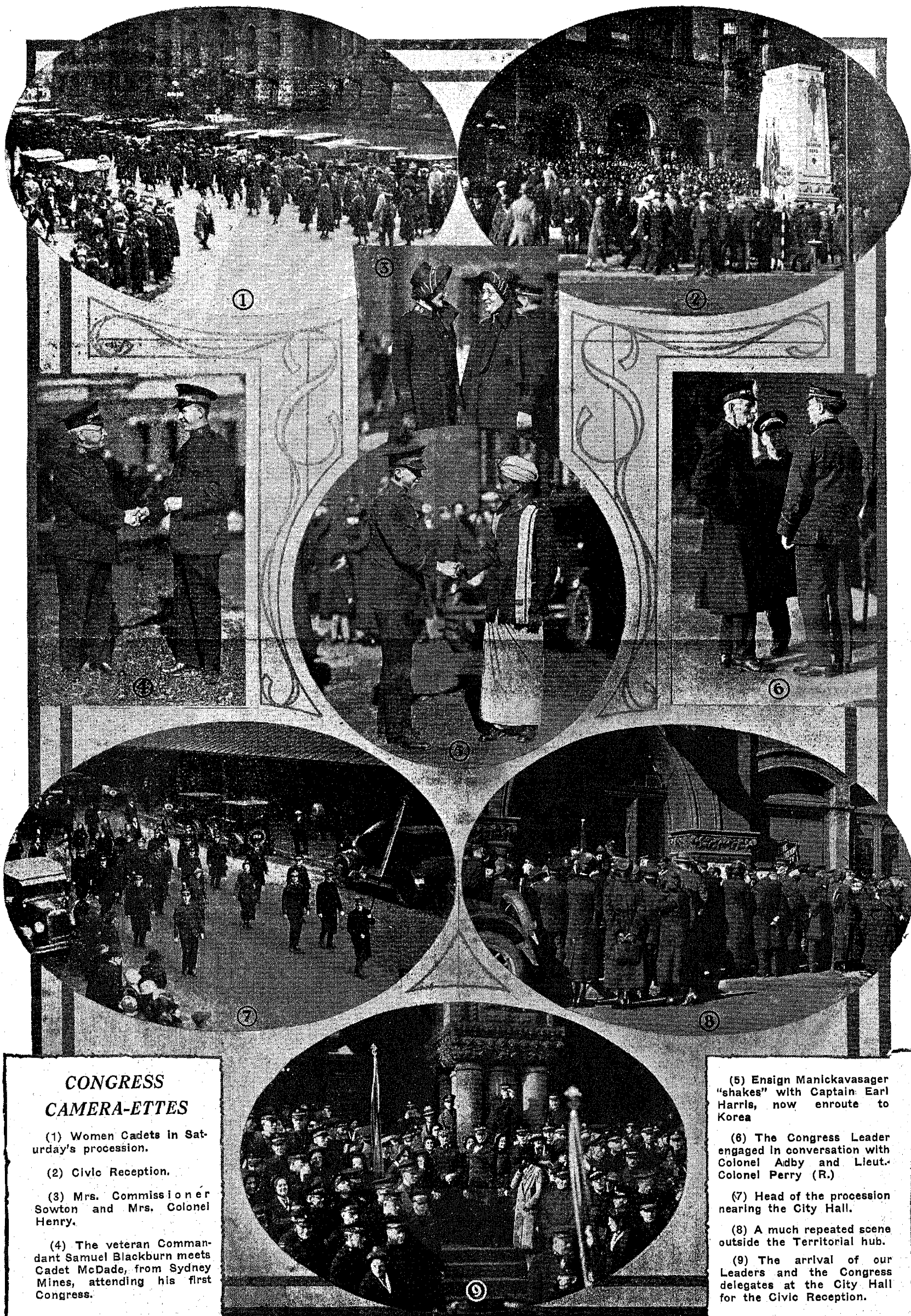
16 Albert St., Toronto.

365 Ontario St., London, Ont.

97 Brydges St., Moncton, N.B.

114 Beckwith Street,
Smith Falls, Ont.

808 Dundas St., Woodstock, Ont.



CONGRESS CAMERA-ETTES

(1) Women Cadets in Saturday's procession.

(2) Civic Reception.

(3) Mrs. Commissioner Sowton and Mrs. Colonel Henry.

(4) The veteran Commandant Samuel Blackburn meets Cadet McDade, from Sydney Mines, attending his first Congress.

(5) Ensign Manickavasager "shakes" with Captain Earl Harris, now enroute to Korea

(6) The Congress Leader engaged in conversation with Colonel Adby and Lieut. Colonel Perry (R.)

(7) Head of the procession nearing the City Hall.

(8) A much repeated scene outside the Territorial hub.

(9) The arrival of our Leaders and the Congress delegates at the City Hall for the Civic Reception.